

# *The* SATURDAY REVIEW

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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You The Truth

*Which is most important ?*

*THE SAFETY OF LONDON or the IMAGINARY  
dignity of the Prime Minister ?*

## YE CITIZENS OF LONDON

*By Lady Houston, D.B.E.*

LONDONERS,

**Y**OU are Citizens of no mean City and yet—the London we love and are so proud of—is the only Capital without any Defence against an invasion from the Air !

**D**O you realise what this means ?

**I**T means that your homes and your children could be destroyed in a few hours.

**A**RE you content—IN ORDER TO PLEASE THE PRIME MINISTER—to remain in this deadly peril ?

**T**HE finest machines and bravest airmen are eagerly waiting to be employed to protect you.

**D**O you want this protection ?

**I** AM told it will cost two hundred thousand pounds, and I will gladly give this sum to save London and its inhabitants from this terrible danger—as a Christmas Present to my Country.

**T**HE Government will do nothing unless YOU tell them THEY MUST accept my offer.

Your true Friend,

LUCY HOUSTON.

**N.B.**—We now hear that the Prime Minister is considering this offer—but the more he considers it—the less he likes it—THE SAFETY OF LONDON! What next will Lady Houston want ? Undoing our two years' labour making the Country defenceless.

## Notes of the Week

### He Should Know Better

"The Navy is short-handed," says Sir Ernle Chatfield, the First Sea-Lord. "Its personnel has been cut down ruthlessly." But why has the First Sea-Lord sat down and allowed the Navy to be starved and cut down ruthlessly? If he had realised his responsibility to the Nation, as its chief technical expert, he would have forced the Government to reconsider their policy of cutting the Navy personnel and ships to a point below safety or resigned as a protest, in which case the Government would have been compelled to act.

A highly-skilled naval personnel cannot be built up in one year, or half-a-dozen if it comes to that. When his remedy is to "append a stronger merchant service," he adds to the uneasiness which his dilatory confession of weakness arouses. He reminds us of the little oysters, who could not reply to the Carpenter, since he and the Walrus had eaten every one. Where is the merchant service he talks of drawing on?

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### British Shipping is Ruined

Since the War, British merchant shipping, formerly the commercial mistress of the seas, has fallen away to nothing, and not a single thing has been done about it. In the new Commercial Treaty with Russia, no proviso has been formally entered into whereby we, who are financing the goods Russia will buy and pay for if she wishes, propose to carry the goods in British bottoms. The foreigners, mostly the Dutch, have been allowed to steal our coastal trade, and ships sailing under the Red Ensign need not even be British owned, or carry even a proportion of British crews.

In fact, the shipping industry is ruined, ships lie rotting in harbours, and the merchant seamen hang around looking for jobs which no longer exist, because the Government has maintained a cruel policy of Free Trade as far as shipping is concerned. If ever legislation were needed it is here, and yet the First Sea-Lord can talk about a strong Merchant Service because the Naval personnel has been cut down ruthlessly! Our confidence in the First Sea-Lord is not increased by such a confession of weakness.

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### Why Keyes Won

Sir Roger Keyes walked through the Socialist opposition at Portsmouth with tremendous *éclat*, as everyone who follows politics closely (including of course the *Saturday Review*) believed he would do. The Central Office thought he might get 3,000 majority, whereas he was returned by over 5,000. When Sir Roger's triumph is compared

with the results of Lowestoft, Cambridge, and East Fulham, it proves what we keep on saying—that the country wants a strong Conservative administration, sound in regard to India and the Empire as a whole, sound in national defence, sound on tariffs. They have no use for the sit-on-the-fence brand of politician.

Those who say that Sir Roger "revenged" East Fulham really do not know what they are talking about. East Fulham was lost because the candidate was a Mr. Facing-both-Ways, and the sins of the "National" Government were visited on his head. They will go on jeopardising seats for so long as Mr. Baldwin hangs on to the coat-tails of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

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### Revolt Against Shams

In fact, the "National" Government are cracking. The result of Sir Roger Keyes' victory is no feather in their cap, but it represents far more a kick on their nether portion, despite the letter Mr. Baldwin wrote to him. When a man like Lord Lymington can stand their shams and defeatism no longer, and sound party men like Sir Henry Page-Croft and others are in full revolt, the cracks become ominous. Last Tuesday on the Division in regard to Children's Dole allowances, although Mr. Baldwin and Capt. Margesson, the Chief Whip, were doing their best to hold their followers, over fifty Tories voted against the Government and nearly a hundred and fifty refused to vote.

Younger Ministers are getting restless, like Mr. Walter Elliot and Mr. Duff-Cooper. The Central Office is no longer in any position to dictate to their followers, for it is very short of funds for the simple reason that the best people refuse to help a Party which calls itself Conservative but is really neither fowl, flesh, nor good red-herring. Sir Roger Keyes has raised the Jolly Roger so far as the present administration is concerned, and the next step will be to make them walk the plank.

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### "Dry" Rot at Westminster

The ineffably silly and vulgar Lady Astor has been making herself more ridiculous than her wont, if that be possible, by flinging wholesale charges of corruption in the face of Parliament. Lady Astor is an American, whose previous acquaintance with politicians has probably been of the bootlegger and racketeer variety. Still, she has been long enough in this country to know that the idea of anybody, even a brewer, offering money to a Member of Parliament for his vote is simply ridiculous. Brought up short by cries of "privilege" and her own sense of absurdity, her ladyship has explained that she didn't mean the present House of Commons.

Against whom then was the charge brought, and what is the point of it? Lady Astor has withdrawn her charge and involved herself in a muddled explanation. But to fling these accusations recklessly about without a possibility of proof lowers the dignity of the House of Commons, and abuses the freedom of debate.

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### A Broadcast Blunder

It is high time the B.B.C. was brought to its bearings in relation to its "talks." Mr. Vernon Bartlett is a clever young man with a good microphone voice and delivery. He has acquired that familiarity with European politics which a capable journalist in the Secretariat of the League of Nations would acquire, and in his place he is well enough. But when he mounts the pulpit of the B.B.C., and tells the listening world authoritatively that the inner mind of Austria is Nazi in its sympathies, and he is absurd, and the B.B.C. is abusing its position.

Nobody knows what the inner mind of Austria is, which is exactly why Europe is puzzled about this lamentable outbreak of civil war in Vienna. What is it all about? asks the plain Englishman. He reads about the Heimwehr and Socialism and the Reds, but what's the Austrian Government about?

### Voice of the People

The same kind of doubt envelopes the disturbances in Paris. An epidemic of disorder and riot is sweeping over the capitals of Europe. The Stavisky swindle is not enough to account for the mimic Revolution that burst over even excitable Paris. Not one man in a hundred in the revolutionary mob that besieges the Assembly and calls for the head of this politician or that, can have personally suffered by the issue of bogus bonds by a Bayonne financier.

The long and short of it is that the peoples of the Continent are profoundly dissatisfied with their form of government. It is a protest of the Latin peoples against the futilities and exasperating absurdities and secret corruption of modern Democracy that finds vent in all this noise and disorder.

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### Tale of Two Chairs

There is something touching in the fine panegyric which Lord Beaverbrook went out of his

way to pay to Mr. Bonar Law, though partly it was due to the fact that he was a fellow-Canadian. It appears that the great war was not won by Mr. Lloyd George but by Mr. Bonar Law, who dominated Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Bonar Law, it is quite true, was a great statesman, who, partly owing to his bad health, suffered from an inferiority complex. Rather pretty is the story of the two arm chairs. Lord Beaverbrook had written an article in the *Daily Express* in which he gave as an instance of Mr. Bonar Law's selfishness in small things the fact that he always occupied the best armchair in the room. The next time Lord Beaverbrook went to the house, he found two new armchairs of an identical pattern which had been bought by Miss Bonar Law in order to contradict the story of her

brother's selfishness. It would be well if all sisters would follow Miss Bonar Law's example in this matter. Houses would be more comfortable.

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### Captain Miles

There is something unusually pathetic and harrowing about the fate of Captain Miles. A gentleman, an officer with a distinguished war record, happily married, and the lucky occupant of a lucrative post, he was unlucky enough to speculate on the Stock Exchange. The terrors of the coming settlement must have been dire indeed

## SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

(Sung to the tune "I know a maiden fair to see")

I know a CrippsKI plain to see.

Take Care! Take Care!

He can both false and friendly be.

Beware! Beware!

Trust him not—he's fooling thee—he's fooling thee.

Trust him not—he's fooling thee-ee—he's fooling thee.

And he has views of crimson hue.

Take Care! Take Care!

And what he says it is not true.

Beware! Beware!

Trust him not—he's fooling thee—he's fooling thee.

Trust him not—he's fooling thee-ee—he's fooling thee.

His foolish eyes were on the Crown.

Take Care! Take Care!

CrippsKI himself has been pulled down.

Beware! Beware!

Trust him not—he's fooling thee—he's fooling thee.

Trust him not—he's fooling thee-ee—he's fooling thee.

L. H.



to induce a man like Captain Miles to accept loans and gifts from a man like Harris, whose character he well knew.

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### Working-Day Nonsense

It is really astonishing the amount of nonsense University professors are capable of uttering on nearly every given subject, but especially on economics. Prof. Florence, of Birmingham University, for instance, told the London School of Economics that he thought eight hours a day too long for workers under modern conditions, and he suggested that the trade unions should get busy and demand shorter hours and higher wages.

Considering that our industrialists are losing markets because of foreign competition, where the employees have to work anything up to a ten or even twelve hours day, under conditions far different from our own, and at wages which enable them to undersell at prices with which we cannot hope to compete, how does the Professor imagine hours can be shortened and at the same time wages increased. However, the ignorance of professors of the real conditions of life is always proverbial.

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### Our Pilgrim of Peace

There is something distinctly pathetic in the spectacle of Mr. Eden, the Government's "special," moving from capital to capital in the vain quest for that settlement about re-armament that has so definitely replaced the old dream of a peace of understanding. He had a charming reception at Paris, but, we fear, that was the beginning and end of the conversations. He is said to be a favourite in Berlin, and the way was perhaps prepared for him by the interview given by Herr Hitler to the *Daily Mail* at the week-end, as in it the "Leader" posed as the most peaceful lamb imaginable. But Hitler has his implacable reserve. Nor will it be altogether smooth going in Rome for our missionary, because the Austrian imbroglio has certainly not improved relations between Italy and Germany.

And, just by the bye, what do our Ambassadors in these countries think of Mr. Eden's barging in on their job?

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### Defenceless Britain

It may seem a little unkind to remind our pacifists and other "die-softs" that two years have passed since the Disarmament Conference came into existence—two utterly futile years. No one now really believes for a moment that it will achieve even some little, face-saving success. This is plain enough in the speeches of some of the younger and bolder members of the Government who are facing up to the grim

realities of the international situation. Even Sir John Simon said the other day that it was "useless to proclaim the beauty of some ideal solution."

There is, of course, no disarmament solution, ideal or genuinely practical, in prospect at all. On the contrary, Lord Stanhope noted, in a speech at Birmingham a few days ago, the hard, dismally concrete fact that the United States had come forward with proposals to increase its air force by at least 1,800 aeroplanes. That should surely be a "discourager of hesitancy" to us. And delay is highly dangerous.

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### Truth About Dollfuss

Nobody knows who originated the line, "Tu, felix Austria, nube," and it is hardly too much to say that nobody knows in the least what is now going to happen to Austria. Her grievous plight is evident to all the world, and it seems very doubtful whether the diplomatic support extended to her by our Government will be of the slightest use. It is scarcely likely that the French and Italian Governments will go beyond what the British Government has done. Meanwhile Herr Hitler has thoughtfully granted Dr. Dollfuss a week's truce in which he can, so to speak, turn round.

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### What About Germany?

How far has German re-armament gone? This is the unspoken question which underlies so many speeches and statements to-day. It has a strange way of not coming to the surface in Parliament, though it cannot long be absent from the minds of everybody at Westminster. In his Preston speech Mr. Baldwin spoke of Russian, Japanese and American re-armament, but never a word about German, of which, however, he cannot be ignorant. Why talk of the increase of the American Navy and not of German airplanes? It is all very singular, and not a little perverse and stupid.

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### The Sons of George III

Mr. Fulford's book on the sons of George III, "The Royal Dukes," is very interesting. The Royal Dukes, with the exception of "Little Sussex," were all very tall, and lived with their mistresses, or morganatic wives, faithfully for some thirty years. The Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria by a late second marriage, was over six feet high, and our late Gracious Majesty was almost a midget, certainly not over five feet three inches in height.

The Duke of Kent was hated in the Army, for he was a ferocious martinet, and rose early in the morning to superintend the inhuman flogging of soldiers.



# Between the Devil and the Deep Sea

By A.A.B.

**W**HO would be the Chancellor of Austria? Dr. Dollfuss is nicely placed between the devil of Socialism and the deep sea of Fascism. Now what are Socialism and Fascism? The Socialists, whom, God be praised, Dr. Dollfuss has defeated, are not to be connected with any of the subtle fallacies of Dr. Karl Marx. They are simply the remnant of the rascaldom of that dirty, thieving Jew, Bela Khun, whom Austria drove out some years ago, and whom Dollfuss, by hanging and shooting, has reduced to order.

But no sooner has he disposed of the Socialists, or Reds, as they are called, than Prince Starhemberg appears on the scene, and stepping up to Dollfuss says: "Softly, my dear Chancellor, you have now got to settle with me. I helped you to put down these rascals. What are you going to do for me? I am a Fascist."

## Life-Size Models

Luckily for the world, we have two life-sized models of Socialism and Fascism—Russia and Italy. Russia is the embodiment of Socialism. Which would you rather be, a Russian or an Italian? Russia is a country whose natives eat the bread of slavery, and drink the waters of bitterness, while their Government is negotiating trade agreements with all the Governments of the world. It is a country of murderers, cut-throats and thieves, who rob churches and kill priests, who deny all religion, and force the unfortunate Russians to lead a life of squalor and slavery, without hope of salvation, either in this world or the next.

Italy is governed by Mussolini, who turned chaos into law and order and has made Italy one of the most prosperous countries in Europe. That is Fascism, the system for which Prince Starhemberg stands.

## Under Which Flag?

Do not let us be prejudiced against Fascism in Austria, because it is German Fascism, or Nazidom. Put that aside, and ask yourselves if you would rather live under German Nazism or Russian Bolshevism, and then you will appreciate the position of Dollfuss. Are we not living under a Socialist Dictatorship?

Although Mr. Churchill has said that our Government is composed of "timid and incoherent Socialists," it is none the less true that we here in England are living under a dictatorship of Socialism. Not altogether, and not for long. England will never go Socialist, as is proved by two important political events lately, the election

of Sir Roger Keyes at Portsmouth, and the retirement of Lord Lymington from Basingstoke.

I regard this latter as of great importance. Lord Lymington belongs to an old Hampshire family, and he is an attractive speaker and a thoughtful politician. He has preferred to resign his seat in Parliament, rather than risk the necessity or chance of swallowing the Indian White Paper, in the same way that the House of Commons will be asked to swallow the Russian Trade Pact, which has been signed, but will not be finally ratified, in the disingenuous language of the Prime Minister, before it is laid before the House of Commons. Neither Sir Roger Keyes nor Lord Lymington is ever likely to be a Socialist, and I contend that these two by-elections show quite clearly that we have nothing to fear from a Socialist Dictatorship.

There are, however, in Austria no such men as Sir Roger Keyes or Lord Lymington—and there we leave the unhappy Dr. Dollfuss.

## They Won't Pay

The election of Lowestoft turned mainly on the herring fishery. We have just concluded a trading agreement with Russia. If we bargain that Russia shall take a certain amount of herrings it will make the seat safe for the Tory.

But how about payment? It is always safe to assume the Bolshies won't pay. If Mr. MacDonald leaves a loophole for the Soviet to bilk us, it will, like the Zinovieff letter, be his death warrant.

According to the papers, long credit and low interest is the keynote of the agreement, which is just like their impudence.

## 1918—1934

1918! Said the War-lords,

"Let us bury enmity,  
Bind the peace-strings round our broadswords."  
This they did ostentatiously.

Britain, faithful to the gesture,  
Flung a hand across the sea,  
Taking off her warlike vesture,  
Slowly, yet unwarily.

Hung her sword behind a barn-door,  
Left it there to rot and rust  
Till in need she went to seek it—  
Found it—crumbled unto dust.

KERR CAUAN.

# Mr. Baldwin's Humbug

## Freedom of Speech a Myth

By "KIM"

**M**R. STANLEY BALDWIN the other day at Preston, in his defence of the Government, used the phrase, "After all, we are almost the last country standing to-day for freedom of speech and conscience." His argument was to the effect that only under democracy could there be freedom of speech and freedom of conscience.

Does this freedom of speech really exist in this country? Nominally it may do. But in fact pressure is brought to bear, very insidiously it is true, but nevertheless definitely. For example, when some months ago Mr. Winston Churchill wanted to broadcast on the subject of India, the B.B.C. would not permit it.

The Government really control the B.B.C., and this was one instance of many when free speech was suppressed, although anyone with a yearning for an alliance with the Russian Bolsheviks, or with Defeatist views, or views to overthrow the basis of civilisation, or some passionate exponent of the League of Nations like Mr. Vernon Bartlett, or a rabid enthusiast for disarmament which, as everyone knows, really means Great Britain being stripped naked in the face of nations arming to the teeth, is welcomed apparently to the studios.

### No Free Speech

Broadcasting is the most important outlet for publicity in the world to-day, but in Britain it is no medium for free speech, if that free speech is pro-British.

I wonder what would be the B.B.C. attitude if, say, Lady Houston offered to broadcast some of her outspoken views. She is the staunchest supporter of the British Empire living, and, in view of the hold she has on a vast section of the public, the B.B.C. should jump at such an offer. Would they? We can all be sure that anything she proposed to say would be most carefully "vetted," and if she strayed outside her programme—which she might easily do, being no respecter of persons—they would cut her out.

Readers of the *Saturday Review* who have seen her articles deleted or sentences blacked out will scarcely be able to agree with Mr. Baldwin's dictum of "free speech."

As to "free conscience," I fear Mr. Baldwin was guilty of a loose statement, though presumably he was referring to Hitler's policy against the Jews. A lot of nauseating nonsense has been written on the subject. Herr Hitler is not alone in considering the Jews to be of dubious value to the State. He may be right or wrong, but after all Hitler knows his own business better than we do, and it is sheer impertinence for English people to criticise the domestic policy of Germany, which evidently meets with overwhelming support from the German people. But, outside Germany, on what grounds does Mr. Baldwin base his

innuendo that only non-Democratic countries refuse freedom of conscience?

Italy does not refuse freedom of conscience. You can be a Particular Baptist in Rome itself if you wish and thrive. In America, where President Roosevelt is to-day a benevolent tyrant, there are more religions to choose from than even in India, which is saying a good deal. Mr. Baldwin's argument is palpably absurd on the facts. There is probably more religious intolerance in Great Britain than in most countries.

If Mr. Baldwin talks in this loose manner in regard to such matters as freedom of speech and conscience, what, one may ask, are his utterances worth as a whole? When one weighs his public utterances and throws them into the scale with his public performances, with the utmost desire to show respect to an elderly gentleman who once had the courage to lead a revolt against another "National" Government led by Mr. Lloyd George and helped very definitely to smash the General Strike in 1926, it would seem that he has lost all sense of values. He appears to be living in a Fool's Paradise.

We cannot, I suppose, blame him if he attempts to extol the administration of the present Government, since he himself rules while making Mr. Ramsay MacDonald the figure-head. When he tells his audience at Preston that the country "wants to get a move on"—the phrase is Mr. Baldwin's—it is somewhat staggering, for what move have the Government "got on"? Certainly not in guaranteeing the nation safety from annihilation in the event of war, because our defences, or lack of them, are appalling in the Air, at Sea, or on Land.

### Those Black Pacts

He apparently permits Sir Philip Sassoon, Under Secretary of State for Air, to give the public totally misleading figures as to our relative strength by air. Certainly not in Tariffs, for the Government has entered into a series of Black Pacts which are taking the bread out of the mouths of industrial workers, such as the cotton operatives in Lancashire, as also of shipping and agriculture. As to cotton, the Government has evidently no better policy than to try to coax Japan to surrender the Empire markets she is annexing. It is about as useful as trying to tame a cobra.

As to Shipping, our Merchant Service, the finest seamen in the world, are starving and the ships are rotting in the harbours, because the Government does nothing to protect them. And as to Agriculture, farmers are bankrupt and foreigners can cut into our markets, although Mr. Baldwin finds "nothing he is more proud of" than the Government's Agricultural Policy, which is proceeding on "sound Democratic lines."

Truly a man who can stand on a public platform and say these things is an enigma.

Nor is this all. He thought that the millions of electors do not wish their Government to be "prejudiced" by any preconceived ideas that members may have on any question. I must pause here to ask if Mr. Baldwin is the most ingenuous public man of the period or whether he believes his bland air of sincerity and frankness can carry him over any fence? It is common knowledge that he holds preconceived ideas in regard to India, intends to force a democratic system of Home Rule upon the vast sub-continent of a hundred diverse races, and is trying every subterfuge to carry it through in the face of the growing revolt of Conservatives. Yet he talks of his Government in a manner which, unless it means that they have no preconceived ideas, is meaningless. Why does he attempt so poor a bluff?

The speech of the Conservative Leader—if so he may be termed to-day—bristles with similar incoherent allusions. He is, I have said, an enigma, because it is really almost incredible that a public man in his position should so underestimate the intelligence of the public as to blazon forth so many puerile thoughts and statements.

He reveals a mentality built up on discarded clichés, such as the suggestion he made that if the British people eschewed their democratic institutions they would "lose their soul," or that democracy was the only means to preserve our "ancient faith" or "ancient liberty," since the facts show that his present methods at any rate are leading us along the road to do both.

He possesses, in short, a curious trait which reveals a measure of smug self-satisfaction, a sort of unctuous rectitude strongly reminiscent of the late Mr. Pecksniff. Fortunately he is being widely found out for what he really is. His pipe and his air of frankness no longer go down with a discriminating public since he took Mr. Ramsay MacDonald into partnership, for there is truth in the adage that birds of a feather flock together.

Mr. Baldwin, in short, revealed himself at Preston as a humbug. It is only a question of a short time before the country realises that he has humbugged them again and again, and the only hope of the Conservative Party to prevent Socialists from returning to power is to lose no time in finding a new leader and overthrowing Mr. Baldwin, as he formerly overthrew his leader, Mr. Lloyd George.

## A Blood-Stained White Paper

By "VERITAS"

*The "ghastly fallacies" and "dangerous and misleading platitudes" expounded by Ramsay MacDonald in his book, "Socialism: Critical and Constructive," are subject to a further biting analysis by "Veritas" this week. He applies the Prime Minister's avowed principles to the present situation in India, and comes to the only possible conclusion—that they condone revolution.*

### II

Read this piffle on page 78—it is significant and much to the point.

"A movement originating in hard force of circumstances that has not the good fortune to be raised up to the intellectual or moral plane by a genius of the type of Marx, is doomed to kick against the pricks, and to do undignified and ineffective things because it must do something but can do nothing except what the despair or the hate of the moment may prompt.

"Nevertheless, in doing these things it exposes iniquities and awakens thoughts and emotions that live and act after it has gone out, and, a service which is by no means the least useful, it leaves memories which in time become precious for the inspiration they give to riper and better efforts to deal with the same cause or carry on the good work."

What ghastly fallacies, what dangerous and misleading platitudes to condone revolution!

Has Russia's frightful atrocities left memories apart from seething cauldrons of hate to live through generations in the minds of men? In what aeons of time will these "undignified and ineffective things" become precious memories?

Has India YET learned anything save instinctive mistrust and fear from her communal fires smouldering throughout the ages? If only those who live in theory and the land of dreams could suddenly be brought up against the realities of life!

What Mr. Ramsay MacDonald needs is to be hurled through the stratosphere, and deposited in the heat and glare of Cawnpore's crowded and stifling alley-ways, running red with the blood of 2,000 human beings, civilisation torn in shreds, human hate unchained, little children hacked to pieces, their tiny truncated bodies flung into drains, gutters, and culverts, an orgy of blood and lust acted by animals with but one purpose, to KILL regardless of age or sex.

### Theories No Good

Would it be POSSIBLE to inspire him "to riper and better efforts to deal with the same cause," to make him at long last realise that the administration of Eastern races, who on such occasions can show themselves as having lost any semblance of humanity, is not a question of theories, but of instant decision by men, of courage and personality, of strict impartiality, honesty, and sound judgment, unfettered by any law save the necessity of the moment?

But when these things happen in future, as happen they will, responsibility must be brought home in full severity on those who, against all responsible advice, draft and approve measures that will bring them about.

No more Dyers must be made the scapegoats of



political expediency. Those who frame high policy should be held personally responsible. It is a matter on which the British public must insist.

Minds of a low order are won in the first instance by absolute justice combined with human firmness. Replace that by a corrupt administration and you will only rule, if at all, by force and fear.

If only Truth, armed with the sword of justice could herd the politicians responsible, through Cawnpore's narrow bye-ways, passed piles of rotting corpses, through tortuous alleyways dripping with blood, the stifling air laden with stench and the buzz of a myriad flies—natures avengers of the dead, through the weapon of pestilence upon the living—on through the shambles of blackened streets, and face to face with primitive desolation. . . .

If only Truth could say: "YOU did this! You, heeding not the grave warnings of responsible and honourable men who lived and worked among these dead bodies.

"You, to justify your self assurance and political theories, framed the measures which kindled this holocaust.

"Can you view this, and beholding, look on such as 'memories which in time become precious for the inspiration they give'?"

#### The Scorpion Lash

"Is this the only inspiration you can draw from this human misery, the framing of still further legislation which every responsible man, who now, or in the past, has served India's need, warns you will unchain forces of which, you, living far apart, have no conception.

"What answer have you to give, to the Nation you think you serve, to the God you profess to worship?"

Suffice to condemn Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with the scorpion lash of his own words.

On page 259, "Socialism: Critical and Constructive," he criticises a democratic electorate's competency to express opinions on high state policy. Yet be it noted, ignoring competent opinion, he has no hesitation in exploiting this mass of incompetent opinion, to which these stupendous issues are matters beyond the horizon of its immediate concern, as a means whereby he may force his Indian policy on the nation. It is interesting to note that he himself derives his power from the very source he condemns.

Yet as regards their competency to judge the issue, he himself expresses no doubt whatever. Read this from page 260.

"It may seem, therefore, sheer folly and perversity to allow this mass to pass important political judgments upon the highest and most complicated matters of State, and to exercise power over affairs that are very remote from its every day experience. How can it perform such tasks with credit to itself and safety to the nation?"

Alter but one word in the above sentence, the word MASS, to the word MAN and it will be seen how exactly Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's views as regards the electorates, competency to judge the issue can, ON THE EVIDENCE OF FACTS be applied to his own case.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has stated, "I stand by the White Paper." Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, political opportunist, journalist and writer in

economic subjects, the major part of his life spent between Lossiemouth and London, London and Lossiemouth.

His experience of India? Heart to heart talks at 10, Downing Street with Indian political intelligensia, mainly composed of extremely astute and plausible members of the legal class, who in no way represent the masses of India or their needs.

His practical working knowledge of administration of Indian races, their psychology, languages, habits and customs? NIL. His age is 67. An age when inevitably a man's brain tends to be actuated by rooted conviction as opposed to logical reasoning.

#### Condemned

The mass opinion of India's administrators, British and Indian, both civil and military, in all branches of administration, men well and truly tried in service, have emphatically condemned the White Paper.

So has the mass responsible opinion of India and England.

So has the mass opinion of men who judge by figures and facts, opinions formed from the warnings of men many of whom have spent their life's service in India's cause, and who, in their sum total, have a vast knowledge of the issues involved.

Allied to the above are massed and mobilised economic facts, to prove the utter impossibility of India to pay for such a futile administration even if established.

But to all this Mr. Ramsay MacDonald turns a deaf ear. The issue is evaded by political evasion and equivocation at which he is a past master, and by typical politician's weapons as opposed to real statesmanship, which for the common good invites discussion and constructive responsible criticism as opposed to such methods as packed "select" committees and committees of "defence" with not one single soldier, British or Indian, on the committee.

#### Socialist Conceit

Mr. MacDonald's socialist "theories" are to be forced on the Nation by every artifice known to politics. Let us remember that right is might, but the left comes in very 'andy when yer 'ard pushed! Thump the good old tub!

The amazing conceit of the Socialist mentality in their own infallibility passes human comprehension. The skin of the rhinoceros is thick, but its texture is film-star-like, compared with the impervious hide of self assurance that encases Mr. Ramsay MacDonald!

Lastly, on page 259 of his book Mr. Ramsay MacDonald considers that democracy having chosen its "representative agents" will allow them full exercise of their responsibilities as representatives, "unless they have become so obnoxious that a censure of referendum is passed upon them."

The responsible "brain" of the British Nation has already passed that referendum—he is condemned by his own words.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has said "I stand by the White Paper." I sincerely trust he will fall by it—honesty and truth in the long run will always prevail over political chicanery.

# Poison Gas as We Knew It

By Boyd Cable

**D**R. FREETH, a chemical expert, recently stated his belief that "more nonsense has been talked about poison-gas than any other subject," and went on to add what I, out of my own knowledge and war experience, can only regard as his quota to the "nonsense." What is worse is that any acceptance of his views can only lull the public into a sense of false security and excuse the dilly-dally class of politician for failing to insist on measures that might protect the population from gas-bombing attacks.

"The scope of gas in warfare," said Dr. Freeth, "is extraordinarily limited, and not to be compared with the uses or destructiveness of high explosives or machine-guns."

This, in effect, is accusing the Higher Commands of all the belligerents in the War—enemy as well as ours—of the most incredible stupidity, because all of them were using gas shells in greater and greater proportion to high explosive. If the high explosive was the more useful or destructive, why in 1918 were we firing all those thousands of Blue Cross, Green Cross and Yellow Cross gas shells we knew then instead of H.E.?

"The percentage of deaths to casualties from mustard gas during the war was under four," is another mischievously misleading piece of "nonsense." It ignores the other ninety-six of the hundred who suffered all the horrible tortures of mustard gas without actually dying; and it disregards all the other more terrible and deadly forms of gas which came to be used.

## First Alarms

After the first German gas attack at Ypres in April, 1915, the troops in the gas areas were supplied with gas masks as quickly as possible, and by the time mustard and later forms of gas were in use, every man had his mask, had been trained in the use of it, and on the warning sound of gas-alarm klaxons in the front line donned the gas mask and lowered the various forms of blankets and curtains to keep gas out of dug-outs and huts.

It was in spite of all such protection that we had many thousands of gas casualties, even if only 4 per cent. of them died from mustard. Think for a moment what would be the number of casualties, what would be the percentage of deaths if the men, women and children of a city's inhabitants were drenched with gas, and had neither masks nor any form of protection whatever against it.

Let no civilian suppose that if war broke out gas-masks for all or for a fraction per cent. would be provided. We had a good lesson in the impossibility of such supply after gas was first used by the Germans. It was weeks after that attack that I remember our being served out with

"masks" in the front line. The masks were a joke at the time, although they would have been a grim one if we had been gas-attacked while depending on them.

The Government apparently rushed round and bought up all the stocks of black veiling then in use for wear over ladies' hats and faces down to the throat. We were served out with one length of this per man, together with a handful of cotton-wool, and our instructions were to fold the wool into the middle of the veil, grip the pad in the teeth and tie the veil round the back of the head, with bits of wool also stuffed up the nostrils. Months after the first attack we were supplied with another form of mask—a flannel bag to be pulled over the head and buttoned inside the tunic collar and fitted with eye-pieces.

## Safety Impossible

If it took months to supply the comparatively few thousands of men in the gas war area with such primitive masks, how long would it take to equip the many millions in our cities with the more elaborate masks and gas-proof clothing without which there can be no hope of protection against the poison-gas now known to, and capable of swift and vast production by, every civilised Power to-day? Perhaps it is idle to ask how long it would take to equip the civilian population with even the crudest masks, because experts have already declared it impossible to attempt. If we leave ourselves vulnerable to poison-gas attack, we must just accept it that we shall be massacred helplessly by the scores of thousands.

To say "the scope of gas in warfare is limited" is looking back on what happened in the War, not even on what was planned to happen in a further year of it, much less what would happen in the future—or present. The scope *was* limited because gas was only used by release in clouds from the front line, or by shells fired from artillery. The scope is now limited only by aeroplane range, *which is to say that every city in the kingdom is inside the limit and liable to gas attack.*

It has long since been authoritatively disclosed that on both sides it was planned to use gas against civilian populations far behind the fighting areas in 1919, to bomb them with gas in containers or gas them with "death dew" sprayed out from machines, as is now done against tree and other insect pests.

The plain fact is that, so long as we are vulnerable to air attack, we are vulnerable to gas attack and are likely to suffer more deadly and horrible forms of gas than were known in 1918, terrible as some of those were to any who knew or saw their effects. Civilians in cities may find some measure of safety from high explosive and machine-gun in air bombing attacks; they can find none against H.E., incendiary and gas bombs or gas "dew."

# Russia Fools Us Again

By Robert Machray

THE terms of the Temporary Commercial Agreement which was signed by Sir John Simon and the Soviet Ambassador last week were disclosed in a White Paper issued on Monday night, and are to be discussed in the Commons within the next week or so.

Our Government, knowing well the atmosphere of suspicion and distrust inevitably associated in this country with all dealings whatsoever with Moscow, has definitely undertaken that the treaty will be debated in the House before its ratification. Such procedure is unusual with respect to temporary instruments between Governments, and in itself sufficiently indicates how deep is the feeling of doubt (and no wonder!) about the whole business.

Speaking generally, the basis of this trade pact is nothing more solid than the *hope*, of which the realisation depends entirely on the Soviet. It is hoped that much more money will be spent by the Soviet in Great Britain, with an increase of British trade into Russia, the balance heretofore having been much the other way.

## "Difficult"

Sixteen months have passed since the Government ended the 1930 Agreement negotiated by Mr. Henderson. Nobody will fail to take into account what has since occurred over Russian timber, wheat and butter, or recall the horrible trial of the British engineers, except as sure signs of the Soviet's methods, policy and mentality. It is not surprising, therefore, that the negotiations for the new treaty are described as having been difficult; the day is only too likely to come when it will be wished that they had been impossible!

As things are, the Agreement is heavily weighted in favour of the Soviet, as is plain from the satisfaction with which it has been received by the Soviet Press—which is controlled, of course, by the Soviet Government. It is acclaimed as a hard-won victory, a phrase that at once suggests that it is a defeat for Great Britain. In Moscow particular attention is drawn to the fact that the pact emphasises the increasing international importance of the Soviet Union, and the "growth of its economic, political and *military* power."

I have emphasised the word *military*, because it is extremely significant in view of the crisis, which is certainly not growing less severe, on the Continent, and because a highly militarised Russia can scarcely be an interest of England. Yet that is how British money—money obtained by dumping and otherwise in England—has been and is being expended by the Soviet. If the Soviet has spent less money on propaganda and underground subventions to its friends abroad during the past year, it has spent at home a great deal more than ever before on munitions, especially on its already great Air Fleets.

It is eminently characteristic of the double-faced Soviet Government that, while preparing on an

enormous scale for war, it speaks of peace, peace, peace, and even hints its willingness to join the League of Nations! But the Soviet Press does more than merely talk of victory, for it rubs it in by pointing out that the treaty is a blow to the plans of British "die-hard adventurers and hysterical politicians," and that it will compel the "British bourgeoisie" to discard their views about supposed religious persecution and other alleged Bolshevik misdeeds and malpractices! Fancy this trade pact doing all that! The complacency of it is simply colossal, as is its impudence.

By this time the British bourgeoisie, except that part of it which shuts its eyes to facts because it does not want to see them, has a very good idea of the real Russia, for a great deal of the truth has come out about it, despite the most determined and unscrupulous efforts at concealment. The Dictatorship of the Proletariat is known to be a complete misnomer, for what obtains in the Soviet Union is the Dictatorship over the Proletariat. Instead of being a paradise for its many millions of poor people, the Union is an Asiatic barbarism, with plenty for its governing class alone and starvation and misery for all the rest, as many writers, who were formerly sympathetic toward Sovietism, have attested after exhaustive and independent study on the spot.

## After Our Cash

What, at bottom, is in the mind of Stalin and his Foreign Commissar in concluding the agreement is money—the hard cash they need, and the hard cash they do not intend to part with, however unjustly it has been come by? Consider the case of the Lena goldfields—which ought to be a sufficient illustration of Soviet business methods: surely a warning to all! There is nothing in the new pact to show that the Soviet Government is prepared to meet its obligations under the Lena award—or any other award! Everybody knows that its record is bad. Is it likely to be any better in future?

The real, indubitable object behind all the clauses and provisos of the agreement was broadly outlined by Stalin himself a few months ago when he said: "Soviet trade strictly depends on suitable credit arrangements." Quite so! Credits, in other words, cash. It is our money he wants. There is really little or nothing in the statement that no loan is to be given to Moscow, though our Government may make a point of it. "Credits" will do perfectly for Stalin, for the cash is there. He smiles, since in his heart he knows we are fools.

And what has the agreement to say about Bolshevik propaganda in England and the Empire? Not a word! The Soviet Trade Delegation is again given full diplomatic privileges and immunities. We can all remember how grossly these privileges and immunities were abused for propaganda purposes.



## SERIAL

# The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

*Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. This instalment continues the story of Britain's policy in China during the turbulent days of 1927—the usual policy of surrender.*

**T**HIS policy of surrender, as usual, did nothing to placate the Labour Party, which, whilst applauding every step of the Government's climb-down, continued their campaign of abuse and misrepresentation. At the very moment that the proposals of January 29 were being made to China, the Labour Party and the T.U.C. sent a message to the Cantonese "deploring the flaunted military demonstration against the Canton Government," and venomously attacking British policy. Amongst the signatories to this manifesto was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

On February 6 the Labour Party held a mass meeting at the Albert Hall to protest against the sending of troops to China. The meeting was presided over by Mr. George Hicks, who declared: "We are met in the shadow of war. We have watched this monstrous business move on during the past few days. We are told that this is called the Shanghai Defence Force and not the Chinese Expeditionary Force. The guns will kill just the same." Amongst other speakers were Messrs. Maxton, Lansbury and Tillett, but the star turn of the evening was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who declared that "an hour's conversation with Mr. Chen was worth an Army Corps in removing risks to men and women" in Shanghai, and demanded that the troops should not be allowed to land there.

## More Propaganda

It is interesting to note that an article, reproducing parts of this speech and bearing the signature of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, appeared in an organ of the Grand Orient of France, *La Paix*, for February, in which the same accusations against the British Government were repeated.

Is there a man or woman who believes you can send 20,000 troops into a foreign country, not for the purpose of war, but to subdue mobs? . . . What is most characteristic in these military preparations is that, even if they were made with the best intentions, they do not take on the same aspect at Hankow as in London. . . . We cannot hold China in vassalage or slavery. . . . Old China is dead and a new China is born, full of the sentiment of its national dignity.

The policy of the Labour Party was thus seen to be in complete accord with the projects of the great Masonic power that has played a leading part in the history of world revolution—projects always directed against the interests of France. For France too, as well as Italy, Japan, Spain and Portugal, concerned for the safety of their nationals, had sent military detachments to China, where the situation was becoming daily more threatening.

The outrages committed at Nanking that March,

when several British subjects were killed and much British property destroyed, were followed by a general strike and Communist outbreak in Shanghai. On March 21 the native part of the city fell beneath the attack of Cantonese troops, and contingents from British, French, American, Japanese and Italian warships were landed to protect the foreign Concessions. It was only the presence of these forces that saved the inhabitants of the foreign settlements from massacre.

The action of the Conservative Government in sending out the Shanghai Defence Force was thus fully justified. The only matter for regret is that any concessions should have been made to the clamour of the Socialists at home or to the demands of the Chinese allies of Moscow masquerading as Nationalists. To negotiate with these elements was to do no better service to Chinese than to British interests, and the Chinese themselves were not long in finding out they had been duped by the Bolsheviks.

## Not Disinterested

The arrival of the British troops not only intimidated the revolutionaries, but gave heart to the moderate section of the Kuomintang, which now realised that the plans of Moscow were not disinterested and that the aid rendered by the Bolsheviks to the Kuomintang was given for a purpose that had nothing to do with Chinese nationalism.

On April 6, 1927, the Soviet Embassy in Peking was raided by Chang Tso Lin's emissaries and the whole plot was laid bare. The arms, ammunition and money, it was found, were supplied to the troops of Feng-Yu-hsiang in the north and to the Cantonese in the south by the Bolsheviks, although on August 3, 1926, Karakhan, the Soviet Ambassador in Peking, had said:

I can state categorically that the Soviet Government is not supplying arms to Feng-Yu-hsiang and the Kuomintang. All reports about the supply of arms are false, as is also the report that an agreement has been concluded to supply arms.

The minutes of a secret meeting, held in Moscow the very day after these words were uttered, were discovered, showing how the whole movement in China was being directed by the Soviet Government and instructions issued to Borodin and Gallant. Minutes of other meetings of the Polit Bureau and the Military Council of China were also found, with discussions on the funds required for carrying on the campaign. One document, marked "Strictly confidential," contained instructions to the Soviet Embassy from Moscow, saying: "Stir up the mob to violence against Europeans

## SERIAL

in general, and the British in particular." In Peking, as in London and elsewhere, it was clearly shown that the Bolsheviks were abusing diplomatic privileges by making the Soviet Embassy a centre of intrigue and revolutionary propaganda.

These revelations stirred up the British Foreign Office to some slight activity, and Sir Austen Chamberlain dispatched a note to Russia, saying that he would break off relations with the Soviet Government without further warning if he found further proof of their propaganda against this country. It is difficult to see what further proof was needed, but, as Mr. Leslie Uruquhart, President of the Association of British Creditors of Russia, observed:

If he really wants to find proof of Bolshevik intrigue against Great Britain, why not do what other nations have done and search the documents at the Soviet Embassy in London? The British Government's failure to turn the Soviet agents out of this country (Mr. Uruquhart added) is at this moment having a very serious effect in China, where the Bolshevik advisers of Mr. Chen, the Cantonese Foreign Minister, are telling him that Great Britain can be treated with impunity.

The raid on Arcos in London in May was the belated sequel to these events; had this taken place immediately after the Peking raid and been extended to the Soviet Embassy as Mr. Uruquhart had suggested, the effect would have been still more impressive, and would, moreover, have established a bond of sympathy between the British Government and the disillusioned Nationalists of China. Soviet Russia would then have been recognised as the common enemy of both countries and the intimidation she exercised over the minds of the Chinese might have been dispelled. As it was, the Chinese Nationalists were left to act alone, and the anti-Communist elements in the Kuomintang, under the leadership of General Chiang Kai-shek, now severed their connection with the Bolsheviks and set up a new Nationalist Government in Nanking.

### Fresh Courage

The firm action taken with regard to Arcos, followed by the rupture of relations between Great Britain and Russia, undoubtedly inspired the Chinese Nationalist leaders with fresh courage, and by the end of summer the Soviet agents in China had prudently taken their departure. Mr. Eugene Chen, accompanied by Madame Sun-Yat-Sen, repaired to his spiritual home, Moscow, on August 29, whither Borodin had preceded him a month earlier. In a manifesto to the Chinese people, Chiang Kai-shek declared:

We cannot allow the Communists to make China the experimental field for Communism and cause millions to die without reason. The tactics of the Bolsheviks are to stir up mob violence through wholesale destruction in order to seize political power. . . . If we allow their horrible politics to prevail all will be brought to nought.

The victory over Bolshevism seemed for the moment complete, but the spirit of unrest had entered into the Chinese populace and was not to be so easily allayed. In December Canton was captured by the Red forces after a fresh influx of agents from Soviet Russia, and an orgy of burning and looting took place, followed by fearful

atrocities. Then came the reaction and counter-terrorism exercised against the Bolsheviks in a characteristically Chinese manner. Henceforth China was to be the scene of a swaying battle, Communists and anti-Communists alternately gaining the upper hand in one city after another up to the present time. These so-called Communists subscribe, however, in no way to the doctrines of Communism, their only idea being loot. All that the Bolsheviks have accomplished is to stir up in them a spirit of anarchy which has reduced the country to chaos.

### Fulfilling a Promise

The Conservative Government, in a justification of its Chinese policy, cites with complacency the signing of the Nanking Treaty, i.e., the Treaty between Great Britain and the Nationalist Government established at Nanking, on December 20, 1928, which was "to mark a new phase" in Anglo-Chinese relations. In reality, as Mr. J. O. P. Bland, the well-known authority on Chinese affairs, points out,<sup>1</sup> the Treaty marked no new phase, but merely embodied in formal terms a promise made long before, of tariff autonomy. As to the results, the granting of tariff autonomy to the Kuomintang faction enabled them to make larger exactions by killing trade, native and foreign. The only benefit for British trade that was expected from the Treaty, namely the abolition of lekin taxes, is no nearer than when first promised in 1901 and again in 1921. It is true that the Nanking Government declared, on paper, that lekin was to be abolished as from January 1, 1931, and replaced by "Excise Revenue." But the gesture was an empty one, intended to save its face, for the Kuomintang has no power over the provincial magnates, who levy whatever taxes they think fit.

As to the general state of the country, by the time the Treaty was signed affairs had passed out of Nanking's control, and a *Times* correspondent, in reviewing the record of 1929, pointed out that eleven foreigners had been murdered during the year, all but one in the provinces Nanking claimed to control, and that brigandage and Communism set law in defiance. Moreover, by a Mandate at the end of the same year, the Nanking Government summarily abolished all extra-territorial rights as from January, 1930—a measure that could hardly be interpreted as conciliatory.

In looking back at the events of the past few years in China, it is impossible not to ask oneself what benefit Great Britain acquired for herself or conferred on the Chinese people by her surrender of Christmas, 1926. The Hankow Concession, one of the greatest monuments to British energy, British enterprise and British foresight, is derelict, with grass growing in the streets.

<sup>1</sup> Private communication to the author.

*Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 8, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; Sept. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28; Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25; Dec. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Jan. 6, 13, 20, 27; Feb. 3, 10 and 17.*

# A Plea for Honest Politics

"The Man in the Lane" answers "The Man in the Street"

By H. Wynn Jones

IT is high time we ceased to believe in the existence of that imaginary Robot "the Man in the Street" which can be made to reflect any mood or repeat any nonsense put into his mouth by the stump orator or the pamphleteer. Let us rather turn to a very real, vital, intelligent personality, unspoiled by contact with the seamy side of city life with its petty graft, dishonest officials, and hypocritical aspirants to civic and political eminence. Let us return to sanity, and hear what the *Man in the Lane* has to say about affairs of the day.

It is my firm belief that only from rural sources can our national stock of brains, physique, and inspiration, be replenished. Bertrand Russell said, and I agree, that "Every great city is a centre of race deterioration." How right he was for once! Brawn and brain become atrophied after a few generations of city life, and it is to the countryside that we must look for replenishment of those supplies of blood and spirit which are needed if the British race is to retain any semblance of its prestige.

Yes, it is the Man in the Lane whose viewpoint is worthy of respect, and it is the multi-voiced town-dwellers whose "opinions" we must view with grave doubts. Most of their beliefs are ready-made anyway, churned out by the million at Geneva, Westminster and elsewhere, and pumped with much sentimental blether into irresponsible minds against the coming of the next election.

I listened in the bar-parlour of a village inn to Winston Churchill's broadcast talk some time ago, and there was more sound sense talked in that fifteen minutes than you would have heard in hours spent in London's best political clubs.

## "I Like Honesty"

"I'm not much of a reading man, Mr. Jones," said Bill to me. "But I try to live straight and act right, and when it comes to politics I do like honesty. I know there's little honesty anywhere these days, but I like to think there is a bit here and there. I like Churchill's talk, and if he has changed his coat once or twice all credit to him for his pluck in admitting he's been in the wrong mob. As to armaments all I can say is they can talk till they're blue in the face, but they won't make the leopard change his spots. They'll never make a German or a Frenchman into a namby pamby, lick-your-boots, jammy-bibbed baby. They'll fight each other again one day, and we'll be dragged into it again, and with an Army and a Navy and an Air Force that's as much good as a hatful of tin soldiers, what shall we be able to do about it?" Can you answer Bill's question?

Bill is a farm labourer, with a wife and three grown lads. His wages are 31s. a week, and

everybody respects him. He went right through the war, finished up as a corporal in his county regiment. He was wounded five times. But I don't think Bill has any real affection for the internationally minded pacific nincompoops in office who would whittle down national defences to the point where, in the event of war, the lives of Bill's three grown lads would be wantonly sacrificed, and his old wife's heart broken.

## Tom's Argument

Old Tom is nearly eighty, and still goes afield with his master's team. He refused to be drawn on the question of armaments. "I was saying to the Boss t'other day I minded the time when country round about here was turnin' out double the corn and potatoes and pigs and beef as it is now, and I ses to him, I ses, 'What's been done once can be done again, an' if there was a war or a famine in them countries where we gets our food from we'd have set on an' do same as we did many 'ears gone by.' 'You're right, Tom,' ses the Boss, 'but for every pound I lay out on them crops and beeves I lose ten bob. What's to be done about that?'"

There was silence while the significance of the question impressed itself on the little audience. He got up to go. "Aye. What Boss said was true enough, but I've reckoned it out as well as me owld head'll let me, an I reckon that if there was them in Parliament with guts an' understandin' of things, they'd find a way o' keeping that furrin muck out of the country an' seein' to it as good farmers like my Boss could grow as much as the farm 'ud stand and get a fair price for it. He's not one o' these 'ere get-rich-quick sort my Boss aint. He says he only wants enough to pay his men and live decent himself an' family . . . And I canna see why he shouldna be 'llowed to."

That is the way the Man in the Lane talks. The politicians have made fools of the country folk, farmers, labourers, village tradesmen and craftsmen alike, and there is a deep and growing resentment in the rural areas against the continuance of the spineless policies which have brought the most vitally important section of the community to poverty and despair.

(CHEAP EDITION)

## THE SURRENDER of an EMPIRE

By Nesta H. Webster

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# Albert—King of the Belgians

## The King who was Lucky

By H. Warner Allen

**A**LFONSO, the last King of Spain, spoke casually of the professional risks that belong to the rank of King, on an occasion when he had narrowly escaped assassination. Throughout history Kings have had to risk their lives continually for the sake of their country and their honour, but in all the centuries few Sovereigns can have faced so many hairbreadth escapes as the late King of the Belgians.

The daily newspapers have recounted many of the adventures of the King, who, in August 1914, staked his all upon the right. It so happens that I can add to these stories an adventure which I believe has never seen the light of print.

It was in the days when the Germans were pressing hard on Verdun, and the French had just begun to strike back. Hearing that a big French counter-attack was to start at dawn the next day, I motored down from French G.H.Q. to Verdun, where quarters were allotted to me in the citadel until some ghastly hour in the morning. The King of the Belgians with one or two members of his personal staff had been paying a visit that day to the Meuse fortress.

In those days it was an eerie experience to motor into the heart of Verdun at night. I had known the town a week before the great German offensive, when it was perhaps the gayest place on the front. The Rue Mazel, the principal street, was almost as bright as the Rue de la Paix, and its shops displayed the most expensive wares. In those days it was an easy matter to drive to the centre of the town.

### What a Change was There!

Then suddenly there descended on Verdun an avalanche of shells. The hotel where one had stayed was in a week converted into a pile of debris and the Rue Mazel was as completely wrecked as Pompeii by Vesuvius. Henceforward motoring into Verdun was an adventure. Usually one could hear shell splinters rattling like hail on the roofs, and the car had to steer most cautiously for fear of landing up in a mass of masonry brought down across the street by high explosives. Lights of any kind spelled certain destruction; for the enemy could see them.

On this occasion we realised when our car turned into the square opposite the entrance to the Citadel that things were happening, as they too often happened in a bombarded town.

The Citadel of Verdun was built by Vauban in the 17th century, and one might swear that he had fore-knowledge of what twentieth century war was to be. For he had hollowed out his fortress in the depths of a hill, and there were from forty to sixty feet of naked rock above the garrison's heads.

Fifteen-inch shells were welcome to fall upon it. One could hear when one was resting below the

dull boom of their concussion far more comfortably than the average traveller by sea listens to the crash of a big wave against the side of a liner. The biggest shell only scratched the surface of the defences. Its mightiest effort reminded one of a phrase of Kipling's Mulvaney when he was desperately banging a mad run-away elephant on the head with the butt of a rifle. If memory serves, he remarked that it reminded him of the forlorn hope of tapping the upper deck of an ocean liner with a walking stick in order to stop the engines.

It was the German habit to spray the entrance of the Citadel with shrapnel from their long-range naval gun. From time to time, a hail of shrapnel bullets about the size of pigeons' eggs rained down on the little square. At the moment we arrived, one of these sudden storms had completely wiped out a waiting motor-car.

### An Insalubrious Spot

In the circumstances, the neighbourhood seemed unhealthy. A second deluge of shrapnel was probable enough, and we lost no time in bolting out of our car to the welcome security of the Citadel, with its untold feet of rock above.

There were, if I remember rightly, anti-gas curtains suspended at the doors. The sentinel fully understood our desire to reach safety and did not challenge us. Indeed, as he stepped back under cover in the corridor behind, he urged us on with the announcement that the next shell was just about due.

He was right. At that moment there came a hurricane noise as if a giant was tearing asunder sheets of metal and big shrapnel came pelting down on the square like a hailstorm.

Seeing no reason to stand on ceremony, I started for the inner security of the citadel rock, but my companion, a French cavalry officer, had observed a tall figure standing just inside, who was contemplating the remains of his car with what seemed to be a cheerful smile.

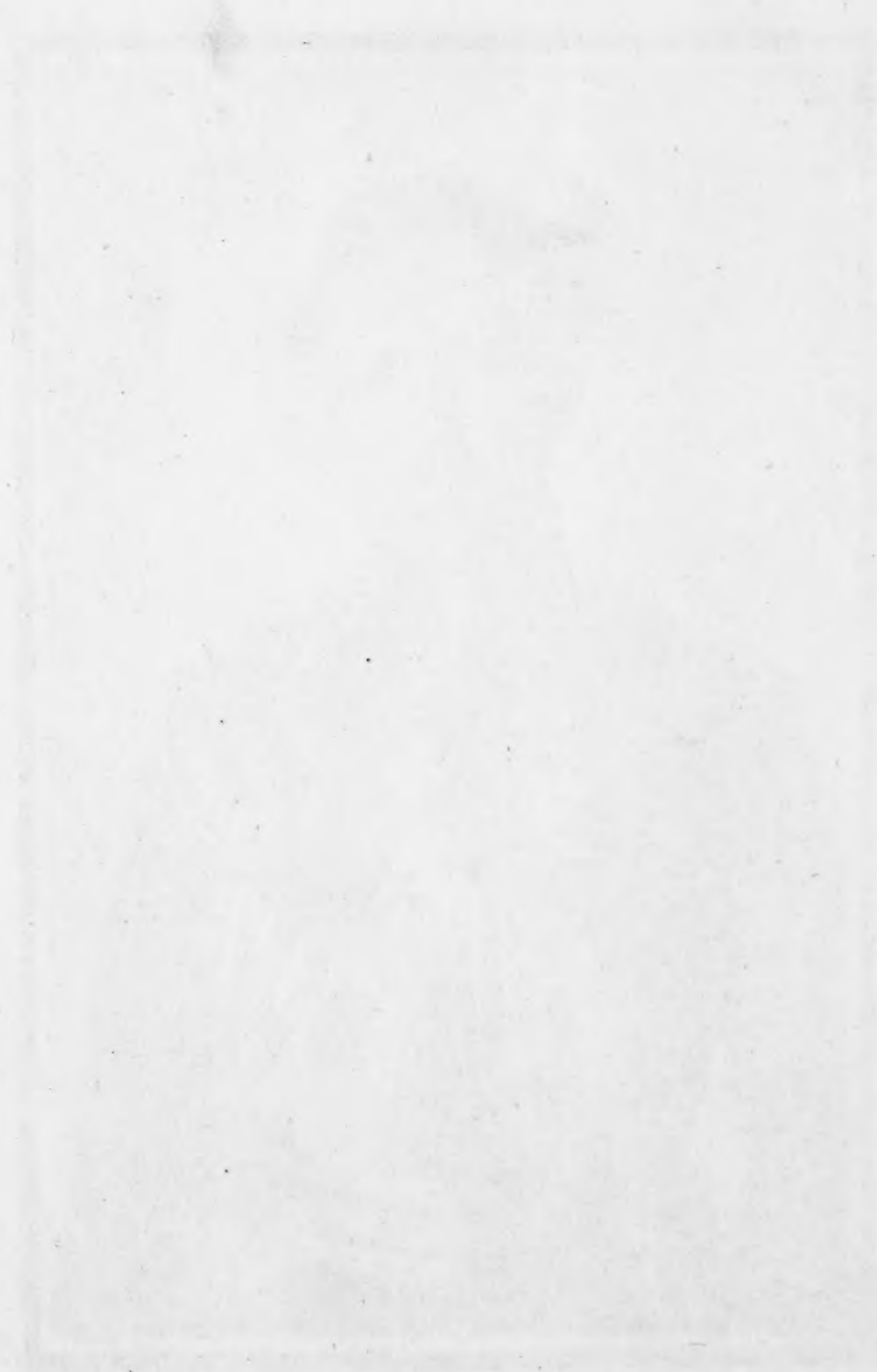
He stopped abruptly, carried out an elaborate salute, and murmured something about "Your Majesty."

"I seem to be a lucky King," said King Albert quietly.

It was the King of the Belgians who, after his unofficial visit to the centre of hostilities, was on his way back to rejoin his army. If he had come out of the Citadel a minute or two earlier, he would have inevitably shared the fate of his car.

As it is, he has died as he would have wished. Every man who has climbed mountains knows that death in the open air and at the moment of extreme endeavour is nothing to be feared. It is not surprising that a King who ranked as a great mountaineer should find his end in a trivial climb. He had struggled to the stars through all the peaks of danger, and he died as a man should.

# Albert King of the Belgians



# Albert King of the Belgians

The King who was born

in 1875

The King of the Belgians, Albert, was born on July 6, 1875, at Brussels. He was the second son of King Leopold II and Queen Marie. He was educated in Belgium and France. He was crowned King of the Belgians on July 20, 1909. He was married to Queen Elisabeth on May 23, 1906. They have four children: Prince Philippe, Prince Louis, Prince Jean, and Princess Marie. The King is known for his love of hunting and his interest in the arts. He has been a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts in Brussels. He has also been a patron of the arts, supporting many Belgian artists. The King is a member of the Order of the Crown, the Order of Leopold, and the Order of the Lion of Flanders. He is also a member of the Order of the Holy Spirit and the Order of the Most Holy Annunciation. The King is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity and the Order of the Most Holy Virgin Mary. He is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Child Jesus and the Order of the Most Holy Heart of Mary. He is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Body and Blood of Christ and the Order of the Most Holy Eucharist. He is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Sacrament and the Order of the Most Holy Communion. He is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Mass and the Order of the Most Holy Penance. He is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Confession and the Order of the Most Holy Absolution. He is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Anointing and the Order of the Most Holy Unction. He is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Baptism and the Order of the Most Holy Initiation. He is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Profession of Faith and the Order of the Most Holy Creed. He is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Profession of Hope and the Order of the Most Holy Profession of Charity. He is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Profession of Faith, Hope, and Charity. He is a member of the Order of the Most Holy Profession of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the Order of the Most Holy Profession of Faith, Hope, and Charity.



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Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW, 24.2.34

# Albert—King of the Belgians



A King without fear and without reproach.



# An Account and Some Correspondence

By S. L. Bensusan

BENJAMIN CANT.

MAYCHESTER.

*Carpenter and Undertaker*

To Mr. HODGE, Fairmeadows.

2 dors complet an cetrer ... £4 18s. 9d.

Mr. HODGE to Mr. CANT.

"SIR,—I have your account and am astonished. The wood is not what I ordered, the paint is worthless, and so are the fittings. The doors are not even hung properly. I can't pay for a job like this.

THOMAS HODGE."

Mr. BENJAMIN CANT to THOMAS HODGE, Fairmeadows, Great Mudford.

"Dere sir, i take up my pen to rite these few lines hoppin you will do rite by me dere sir there wornt nothing wrong with the wood for the dores but wood go very contrary come the changabel wether if that ranes that swel an if that dry that shrink dere sir i got dores at mine what aint never alike 2 days runin dere sir the pante i put on was the best led an oyls an if that bin an gone amiss thats along of the frostes. dere sir nobody cant kepe pante if that comes a frost time its wet dere sir my bill what i bin sent you is 4—18—9 but if you send me 4—18—6 be end of the week i will send my recete an i remane your an cetrer. BENJ. CANT."

THOMAS HODGE to Mr. BENJAMIN CANT.

"SIR,—I have your impudent letter claiming the amount of your account, £4 18s. 9d. for work that would be dear at a pound. The doors are just half the thickness specified, the wood is unseasoned though I underlined the wood seasoned and you told me that you had no other. The paint seems to be made of chalk and the hinges are soft and worthless. If I had been down here when you were at work, I would have stopped you right away. As it is, I must have the job done again by a respectable firm. You can take your rubbish off my premises, I have no use for it, and I will pay you £1, not because you've earned it but as a penalty for my own foolishness in employing and not supervising you. If you're not satisfied, my solicitors are Messrs. Charge, Chester, Charge & Co., of Least Chepe, London, E.C.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS HODGE."

Mr. BENJAMIN CANT to THOMAS HODGE.

"Dere sir yours to hand respectfullly dere sir you are all rong about them dores for the thickness i cannot say but i made em of the best wood i had a . the pante would have been rite as rine except for them frostes dere sir your job took me most a fortnit an' I gotter live same as you. i dont want no trouble along of your lawers bein i am a peceful man an if you will send me fower pound stiddy

4—18—9 what you o me i will send you my recete an say no more about it an be plesed to do more work for you an i remane your an cetrer BENJ. CANT."

THOMAS HODGE to Mr. BENJAMIN CANT.

"SIR,—I have your letter and can only repeat what I have already told you. You can take one pound in settlement, or you can sue me for the amount of your bill. Your statement that you took a fortnight over the job is untrue; I have ascertained that you only worked here one day in each week during the fortnight I was away.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS HODGE."

Mr. CANT to THOMAS HODGE.

"Dere sir i take up my pen to rite these few lines hoppin you will trete me gentelmany. dere Sir for the whole fortnit i cannot say bein i got to put them dores together at mine an mix the pante an go to Market Waldron for me furnitcher. dere sir when I come up to yours most all the work was done so I hop you will send me 3 pound be return and i will send a recete an remane your an cetrer. BENJ. CANT."

Mr. HODGE to Mr. CANT.

"SIR,—You are a persistent rogue and I want no more letters from you. You endeavoured to cheat me. A builder who has seen the job says it would be dear at a pound; it is worthless to me and must all be done again. So no more correspondence please, and if you don't accept my offer in 48 hours, I shall withdraw it.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS HODGE."

Mr. CANT to THOMAS HODGE.

"Dere sir. i take up my pen to rite these few lines an i would be ashamed if i was you dere sir you dont belong here by the good rites an you didnt want to come to Mudford for to git pore men to set up dores for you what got to work hard for their livin an folk what no them will give them a good character an right forward dere sir you must be a mene sort of man to stele a pore mans money bein you got lots of your own dedent you coudent come down here in a moty car an all dere sir by the good rights ide go to Market Waldron agen you, youd be some shrunk an them magistrets would larn ye bein they dont like to see pore men robbed. dere sir you dont want to withdraw nawthen for i wouldnt bemene meself to go fightin about a tiffin job so you send me 1 pound what you bin an cheted me off of an dont you never ast Benj Cant to do no more work for the likes of you for he will say no to you midlin kwick an i remane your an cetrer. BENJ. CANT."



# Red Herrings

## A Dish for a King

"HAM-CURED" was the phrase he used when he brought them to me: "they're real 'ham-cured,' you'll like these," and proudly he displayed a dozen gloriously golden red herrings.

Now the red herring used to be counted one of our grandest dishes. That satirical Elizabethan, Thomas Nash, once wrote in praise of it, "such a hot stirring meat," as he called it, "enough to make the cravenest dastard proclaim fire and sword against Spain. . . ." But times have changed; the red herring has long been out of fashion, like so much of our fine old English fare.

So I gloated when I saw the gift that the old East Anglian fisherman had brought. I had long-ago memories of "high-drieds" eaten in Norfolk cottages, and of disappointments in more recent years with things called red herrings bought from city shops.

And presently we proceeded to the cooking. A noble dish was the result.

There are two ways, only, properly to cook the red herring. The simplest, and if you be expert,

perhaps the best, is to toast it on a fork before a roaring fire. The other is to do it on a gridiron.

Your fire must be really fierce, and your herring must be grilled over an open fire, quickly and not too much. It must be piping hot right through. And then you have your dish fit for a King—or an epicure. Yet you may ask in vain for such a dish at your famous restaurants, as you may for one of the most savoury of savouries, red herring roes on toast.

Hard or soft, though soft are better, lightly done but very hot on thin slices of toast, the red herring roe is infinitely superior to the ordinary "roe-on-toast" of the menu, a flabby thing that must trust to red pepper to give it a flavour.

It seems a pity that we should let these old dishes die out. Herrings are cheap enough, heaven knows, and a "ham-cured" red herring will keep for months.

But they will tell you that tastes have altered; that nowadays people don't like dishes with a definite flavour, when the fact of the case is that very few of the modern generation have ever tasted the old dishes, or, if they have, they have been wrongly cooked. C.H.

# In Search of Work

By "Private 115142"

"In saying good-bye to Pte. 115142 J. C. N.— King's Liverpool Regt. on the occasion of his demobilisation, the General Commanding 64th Division desires to place on record the Army Council's appreciation of the services rendered by him during the present War, and to wish him all success and prosperity on his return to civil life."

**S**UCCESS, prosperity, how they mock me. I've just returned from a weary day out in the West End. Since ten this morning I've been standing with my wares in my hand, smiling and almost begging of the people to buy.

I know almost every niche in the Marble Arch, and I think the surrounding buildings must almost know me. "How many have you sold?" asks my wife, as soon as I put my foot into my little home. "Two!" I reply slowly. "It's time you looked for something better," she half cried. "Why don't you write in after something?"

Write in! I have worn out pen-nibs in the futile search for work. Silently, we turned over the fruit of my efforts.

From a dance band leader:

"Mr.— has been over your manuscript, but regrets that in his opinion it is not good enough in these depressing times of the music business. You can of course send it along to one or other of the leading music publishers yourself and get their opinion."

From a music publisher:

"Our selection committee has carefully considered the lyrics you kindly submitted, and report that the number entitled: "I long to be back in Killarney" when edited, and set to effective and melodious music as a song of the popular type, would be suitable for inclusion in our catalogue. We shall be pleased to have the lyric set to music, and undertake publication for one inclusive payment of fifteen guineas."

I haven't fifteen pence never mind guineas, so that can wait a while.

From a theatre:

"Will you please arrange to appear at the — Theatre on Friday Dec. 8th at 6.0 p.m. with reference to a trial turn?"

I intended to sing my song there, but my wife was ill in bed and I could not leave her. Maybe it was another chance lost, but what's that to a good wife? When she was well again she tried to start a small chocolate stall outside the park. I wrote for permission for her to pitch, but the authorities said:

"I am in receipt of your letter, and in reply have to say that the council have already refused more than one applicant for permission to stand for the purpose of street trading in the locality you refer to."

It looks quite hopeless. To-morrow I shall be out again counting the niches in the Marble Arch and studying my prospective customers. "And maybe that success and prosperity will come whizzing round Hyde Park corner."

# America Steals Our Thunder

## Motoring Notes

By Maynard Greville

**T**HE ordinary English motorist may be a little confused at the introduction of pathological terminology into the car catalogue. At the present time the technical motoring press of America and such of the lay press as carries motoring advertising is raving with characteristic modesty about what it is pleased to call "knee action."

I can assure motorists over here that this is not a recent development of "athlete's foot" or any of those unique afflictions which seem to cause so much trouble to our American friends, but simply a way of describing, what is alleged to be an entirely new method of suspending the front wheels of a motor car.

With their usual humility American motoring firms are proclaiming "knee action" to be the greatest advance since the horseless carriage, which may or may not be true, but what is more important, they infer that this suspension system is of entirely new and American origin.

### Not American

The real facts of the matter are these. "Knee action" simply means independent wheel springing and steering, and it is claimed for this system that it produces vastly superior riding and road holding qualities, and with the maximum speeds of motor cars ever on the increase, promises ultimately to replace completely conventional design.

The important point is that this new miracle did not originate in America at all, but in this country. The Alvis Car & Engineering Company as long ago as 1926 had cars in production with independent front wheel spring and steering, and it is now incorporated in two of their largest and fastest models.

Their designer, Mr. Smith Clarke, has probably spent more time than anyone else in perfecting this development and incidentally the Alvis cars that did so well a few years ago in road racing were thus equipped. The old type of front axle and track rod steering is becoming increasingly difficult to make capable of competing with modern high speeds, and it is probable that the car of the future will not only have the front wheels independently sprung but all four wheels will be treated in the same manner.

It would seem to me, however, that a little "knee action" on the part of American designers and manufacturers before Mr. Smith Clarke, and a just recognition of British engineering initiative would fit the present circumstances.

Similar situations have arisen in the past, and of course one of the principal aims of modern advertising based on the American principle is to

induce someone to buy something the need for which was not previously recognised, which in itself is at least an excellent system of keeping money in circulation.

The Englishman's constitutional disability to shout about himself sometimes costs us dear. Again and again we are first in the field with some new device, only to allow the American marauder to swoop down and take the credit and very often the market too.

The sad tale of the free wheel is an example. Many years ago certain British manufacturers started fitting this device for making gear changing easier and economising petrol, but for some reason it did not catch on. Then the Americans discovered it and broadcast it throughout the world with the result that this device is now fitted to many cars of many nations.

One of the greatest works of art in the way of advertising on American lines as far as the motor industry was concerned was brought to my notice some years ago. The car concerned still boasted one of those inventions of the devil, a transmission brake, that is to say a brake working behind the gearbox on the propeller shaft. One could almost see the management scratching their heads and wondering what to do with the "darned thing."

### Ballyhoo

Then someone must have had a brainwave. "If we can't design new brakes, let's boost the old ones and tell the public what wonderful thing transmission brakes are." And they did. They invented an obscure quasi-scientific jargon so that no-one would be able to tell what they were really talking about, and they invented a catalogue of about a dozen virtues for this brake suitably padded. The amusing thing was that the only real advantage, or rather good feature, that can be admitted by engineers for this brake, they omitted to mention.

It is much the same with flexible engine mountings which were introduced in quantity by America. They can, of course, be excellent things, but in many cases they are simply methods of making an intolerably rough engine smooth; a way of camouflaging a bad engineering job.

In one respect we, in this country, seem to have got away with our deserts in the shape of the Wilson type of pre-selector self-changing gearbox, which was so courageously introduced by Armstrong Siddeley some years ago and is now fitted to many other British cars. I think it will be hardly possible for the Americans to come out with this device in a few years time and claim that it is a revolutionary epoch-making invention of their own, but one never knows.

# Christianity and Communism

## The Naughty Boys of History

[Reviewed by Ashley Sampson]

PROFESSOR MACMURRAY is a distinguished philosopher, and anything he says in his own subject commands our respect; but it is difficult to hear him patiently when he commits the three common errors about Communism in the space of a small book: that it is post-Hegelean, that it is the result of a process, and that it can do anything to mitigate class distinction. Nevertheless his book ("The Philosophy of Communism," Faber, 3s. 6d.) is of value in that the philosophy which Karl Marx began is here given shape and completion; and those who think that Communism is a passing phase in the world's history may see that it is nothing less than a highly organised system which is threatening our whole civilisation. The fact that it was brought about by a revolution is sufficient to disprove that it is a natural growth; but the full weight of that fact is not appreciated. As Nicholas Berdyaev in "The End of Our Time" (Sheed & Ward, 6s.) says:

"There has been a revolution in Russia. This does not need to be stated, but the recognition of a fact does not imply appreciation of its significance. The Russian revolution is a calamity. So, for that matter, is every revolution; there never has been a good one. But revolutions are permitted by the divine wisdom and as there is a lot to be learned from them. . . . The Russian revolution is not called 'great' and has no moral halo; it is only important. But historians will arise who will idealize it, canonize it, praise it exaggeratedly, make a legend out of it and crown it with a diadem. And then other historians will come along and unmask this myth and overthrow the legend."

### Pieces and Patches

Certainly revolutions are the naughty boys of history; but naughty boys have been known to grow up into wise and prudent fathers, and the author, in a book of this kind, should not waste time on generalisations; but should endeavour to show that this particular Bolshevik boy will not make a good father. This he does in pieces and patches, relating the philosophy of Marx to that of Feuerbach rather than to Hegel; but his book wears pale and thin beside the constructive policy and imposing, if rather crushing, edifice of Professor Macmurray. For herein lies the danger to which Berdyaev himself calls our attention. There are Communist philosophers of no mean stature and they must be met upon their own ground. A book which bristles with religious conviction and spiritual idealism is an excellent tonic for the faithful; but is practically useless as an argument against those who adhere to the Communist system of ethics. It is like trying to prove to a man that he is not stone deaf by taking him to a Wagner opera.

Sometimes Nicholas Berdyaev draws near to the crux of his problem; but always, when within an ace of it, he either withdraws or fails to finish the

argument. For the difference between the Christian culture which Europe has inherited and the Communist culture which a portion of it has adopted is of that vital kind which should be disclosed in a few bold strokes before the historical and philosophical implications involved in the system come up for consideration. The fact that one creed says "Mine is Thine" and the other says "Thine is Mine" gives them a surface resemblance in the eyes of some; and the result has been a marriage in certain quarters between Christianity and Socialism which has issue in that very wayward and almost unrecognisable infant, "Christian Socialism." Aynone who fails to see the complete antipathy which exists between the systems that are founded respectively upon the two opposed theories of "Mine is Thine" and "Thine is Mine" had better study logic. Berdyaev sees it, of course—his witness to the fact glares from every page of the book; but, while the book is crowded with the historical and philosophical conflict of the two creeds, his object is to unite them.

### The Present "Doomed" Age

He is not, however, concerned entirely with Russia but with the whole apparatus of the present "doomed" age of which Russia is the most painful and obvious instance; and here perhaps he fails to grasp the fact that Communism is one symptom of a disease which is devastating the whole body of thinking humanity. For it is the Socialist principle that "ten heads are better than one": even ten fools' heads—just because they are *ten* rather than one, that is the cancerous growth in modern thought.

The bulk of his book is, however, concerned with Christianity and Communism as systems of thought and ethics which cannot be at peace; and one cannot help wishing that here he had contented himself less with generalisations. Particularly good, however, are those pages in which he reveals the collective mind in history as gradually disgorging its unconscious reserves into an ever-growing consciousness. In a sense the Christian Church and the Communist state are analogous—in that both is for all; but even here there is a sharp difference which cuts to the very root of their similarity. For, as Berdyaev says in his other book ("Christianity and Class War," Sheed & Ward, 3s. 6d.), a better work than "The End of Our Time":

"There are absolute values, not of social origin but manifesting themselves in social life, which Christianity cannot neglect. Principal among them are the values of the human person as the spiritual centre of life, and of freedom of spirit, conscience, thought and creation in work. Social systems which misunderstand or deny these stand condemned by that fact alone. . . . From the point of view of worth the human person is above class, as he is above the State and above economics."



## A Pageant of British Art

**C**OLLINS BAKER, in summarising English painting, has said that an absence of "hard intellectual management" and "professional accomplishment" has distinguished it from the Dutch, Flemish and French schools. Certainly an exhibition of English art is apt to look amateurish beside one of almost any other European race.

What is the intrinsic quality which we, as a nation, have consciously or unconsciously done so much to attain and lost so much in attaining?

Mr. Wilenski's book ("English Painting," Faber, 30s.) is too individual and concentrated to answer this question; but out of bold eruditions and rather sharply defined comparisons, some sort of an answer finally emerges for anyone who is watching for it. For to him it would seem that in the history of portraiture we have a kind of quintessential evolution of English art; and his reminder that "it is hard for the modern student to realise what portraiture has meant to artists and sitters at different periods in the past" discloses how far that evolution has gone.

It would not, however, be quite fair to let portraiture speak for the whole of art nor does Wilenski for one moment attempt this.

### A Useful Complement

His field is, however, a restricted one and needs the complement of Mr. Underwood's treatise of English sculpture ("A Short History of English Sculpture," Faber, 10s. 6d.). Here much that Wilenski implied in the harder outlines of painting flowers into a full-bodied reality. Tendencies, types, schools and intrinsic qualities are more realisable to the untrained mind in sculpture than in painting; and Mr. Underwood's book is largely addressed to such.

In his "Short History of English Painting" (Faber, 7s. 6d.), Mr. Underwood takes us through all its stages, from the Norman Conquest to the present day. Names do not appear perhaps less frequently in this than in Wilenski's "English Painting"; but to Mr. Underwood it is the gradual growth of English art as a whole that is our concern, rather than the individuals who brought it to a head in different ages. Thus the book gains in solidarity what perhaps it loses by compression; but it does not lose very much.

Mr. Herbert Read's book, "Art Now" (Faber, 12s. 6d.), is in some ways the best of them all; but is addressed, if not to the academic student of art, at least to those who have some knowledge in its comparative studies and the mechanism of the human mind. There is little in these fields of research that does not come in for some criticism, but his exposition of the change wrought in the classical mould which art had assumed in the nineteenth century by historians, philosophers and critics, and his final grouping of modern art into four main categories, each with its own theoretical basis, is nothing short of masterly.

A.S.

## New Plans for the Navy

**T**HE British public, gradually realising the futility of disarmament discussions that seem likely to go on for ever, have latterly begun to display an uneasy consciousness that we have not been receiving quite our full value for the vast sum of close on £2,000 millions that has been expended on securing the safety of Britain and her Dominions in the period 1920 to 1934.

Meanwhile the books that are being published may help to set the stage for the necessary investigation. The sincerity of their authors is beyond challenge and their claim to authority is founded on long meritorious careers in some particular branch of the Services. And if their views are highly provocative, that is no bad fault at a time when clarification of ideas on national defence is so much needed.

General Groves in his book *Behind the Smoke-Screen* paints for us a lurid picture of our air peril. Captain Bernard Acworth, D.S.O., R.N., on the other hand, in "The Navy and the Next War" (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 8s. 6d.) dismisses that peril as a mere bogey. Here he is certainly guilty of failing to appreciate the facts that aviation was a new weapon in the Great War, that the High Command on both sides failed to understand the full potentialities of this new weapon and that since the War aviation has made immense progress.

### Coal for Oil

But Captain Acworth's main theme is the thorough reorganisation of the Navy as it exists to-day. As he has shown in a previous book, he is a strong advocate of the return to coal as the motive power of our Fleets, holding that dependence on oil might easily in war-time result in the total immobilisation of our Navy, incapable as it would be of guarding pipe-lines in the Middle East.

In this particular he has the support of other distinguished naval officers. But one wonders how many naval men would agree with the view he also holds, that speed is of small importance in winning naval battles. Not that Service opposition to his views would matter to Captain Acworth.

So he fashions for us a new and less costly Navy, in which the giant battleships disappear, submarines are consigned to coast defence, torpedo-tubes are scrapped from battleships and cruisers, wireless is largely superseded by a greatly simplified signalling system, secondary armaments for battleships are discarded, coal is the fuel for everything but the few surviving submarines, destroyers, aircraft carriers and sloops cease to function. 20 knot third-class cruisers replacing the present T.B.D.s, and finally the biggest gun carried would be the 13.5 inch.

His Navy, when complete, would give us 25 battleships of 17½ knots speed, 40 armoured cruisers, 82 2nd class cruisers, 75 3rd class cruisers, 38 submarines, 28 minesweepers, 19 river-gunboats and 12 surveying ships, and it would, he says, be fully capable of maintaining Britain's sea supremacy.

C.R.

## Russian Eye-wash

### Communism's "Right" to Rule

By Clive Rattigan

THE reading public is getting more than a little suspicious about the accuracy of the accounts published by visitors to Russia, realising as it does what impediments are placed in the way of these visitors seeing or recording the full truth.

While, however, we have to take most of the accounts we receive of the Russia of to-day with more than a mere modicum of salt, it is still possible, as Miss Cicely Hamilton shows in the latest of her delightfully written travel books, "Modern Russia" (Dent & Sons, 7s. 6d.), for the author-traveller to get over such impediments as official shepherding and unfamiliarity with the Russian language by the use of his or her eyes and ears and by the exercise of a certain amount of common-sense.

That she has used her eyes and ears well many passages in her new book attest. Unemployment there is none in Russia, so the Soviet would have us believe; the glorious Five-year Plan provides happiness and work for every man and woman of the Proletariat. Yet,

"who are these people one sees in the streets of Kiev? Elsewhere, I should have taken them for unemployed, and unemployed of the most wretched. The beggars who stand and hold out their hands; the gutter-merchants; the peasants with their poor belongings roped to their backs—stopping exhausted and then trudging on again; the people who lie on the pavement to sleep; the children. . . . Who are they and why are they like this in a country that boasts of its immunity from the common misfortune?"

Truly a land of paradox and hopeless inconsistency, this new Utopia seen through Miss Hamilton's observing eyes.

"Preaching internationalism, it cuts itself off from the outside world and takes utmost precaution against intercourse therewith. Holding it a crime to draw money as interest, its citizens are not merely urged to invest (in the Five-year loan); in defiance of their own first principles, they are practically forced into investment at ten per cent.!"

The Proletariat dictatorship in effect turns out to be nothing more than the elevation of a new privileged class, the Communist Party of specially selected individuals, to rule over and dictate the life of this soul-less "ant-heap."

"Duties and rights being closely connected are easily confounded," remarks Miss Hamilton shrewdly, "hence it is by no means impossible that the Communist Party, which to-day considers it a duty to rule, to-morrow may consider it a right—the right of a new aristocracy."

We may agree, too, with her that some of the characteristics of this Russia that so despises its past are the heritage of the centuries that have gone before. Certainly the Potemkin, who caused tidy "stage" villages, inhabited by prosperous-looking peasants, to be run up upon the route his Empress, Catherine II, was to traverse, has his counterpart in the Russian Soviet of to-day: the supply of eye-wash is almost too abundant.

## New Novels

VERY few first novels can claim the distinction which belongs to "God and the Rabbit," by Michael Home (Richard & Cowan, 8s. 6d.). It is a remarkable book and is written with the ease and maturity which one would normally associate with considerable experience in the art of fiction.

It has all the elements of an excellent novel. The story is told in a happy blend of tragedy and triumph, and the East Anglian background makes a fitting atmosphere in which the story of Harry Francis and his parents is unfolded.

It is the old tale of mother and son against the father, but Mr. Home makes us see in the father the elements of a lovable, if disreputable, character. We admire him, just as Harry admired him, and we are forced to feel the power he wielded in the pattern of his family. We realise the loyalties that bound this strange family together, and the clash of these same loyalties when the son's triumph made escape possible.

### Distinctive Beauty

Much the same delicacy of feeling is evident in Mrs. Pearl S. Buck's new novel. The story of "The Mother" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) is set in China and it moves with a directness which gives a great deal of force to the plot. And yet, as the story unfolds, the depth of Mr. Buck's characterisation is revealed so that one marvels that such detail is possible without digression from the main thread.

We have come to expect a curious feeling of beauty about Mrs. Buck's novels, a beauty which is quite distinctive. "The Good Earth" had it, as also did "Sons" and "East Wind; West Wind." One might, perhaps, describe it as the beauty of inevitability, a sort of philosophical orderliness, which permeates these quiet patterns of Chinese rural life. "The Mother" is no exception.

### A Modern Messiah

In "The Tide," by Vincent Sheean (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), which is an importation from America, Mr. Sheean has found an idea which lends itself to good descriptive writing. He assumes the coming of a second Messiah, and tells of the fate awaiting him in New York. The man is genuine, or apparently so, and his following is immense. But modernity would kill any Messiah, genuine or not. The newspapers must have their sensational story, the different sects in the city must try and link themselves to this new wonder, someone else must try and make money from public meetings and from wireless broadcasts.

And the Messiah? Who worries about him? All he turns out to be is fair game for exploitation from all and sundry. Society tries to ensnare him as the latest drawing-room lion, Communists and Jesuits fight over him, the newspapers feature him as the latest sensation, in fact, his life is made a hell in the holy cause of publicity. Poor simple little man! His mission of peace ended in strife and wreckage.

## Books in Brief

**H**ENRY VIII's "private life" has been much in evidence on the films of late. Those who would like a real history for a change about this much-married monarch and the Tudor period generally may be recommended to read the new revised edition of Mr. Arthur Innes' series of illuminating studies of Tudor men and policies ("Ten Tudor Statesmen," Graysons, 10s. 6d.).

During the War Colonel Victor Kaledin served his country, Russia, in the dual capacity of Intelligence Agent of the Russian General Staff and fully accredited spy in the German Secret Service; and after the Russian Revolution he acted as Agent for the White Army, with a footing also in the Bolshevik spy organisation. The story he now has to tell us, in cold, dispassionate language, of the extraordinary coups and hair-breadth escapes from appalling danger makes the exciting adventures of spy fiction pale into insignificance, and it also throws a lurid light on the sinister machinations that went on unceasingly behind the Russian front. ("K.14-O.M.66," Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.)

As a guide to knowledge on a vast number of matters or as an aid to ineffectively responding memory the encyclopædia plays an important part in the modern busy world; and with general encyclopædias and specialist ones, it cannot be said that the field of choice for reference purposes is at all restricted.

Yet even with all this variety it is still possible to extend a cordial welcome to a fresh work of this kind, especially when, as in the case of Messrs. Routledge's new single-volume publication ("Routledge's Universal Encyclopædia," 7s. 6d.), it is obtainable at such extremely moderate cost and so admirably fulfils the object for which it was designed.

In "B.U.F., Oswald Mosley and British Fascism" (Murrays, 7s. 6d.), Mr. James Drennan writes with enthusiasm, born of inside knowledge, of the British Fascist movement and of its leader's personality and aims. He claims that "Fascism is the modern expression of a very strong and definite tendency in the history of British thought."

With yet another attempt to be made in the near future to explore the upper atmosphere of the earth, the appearance of Miss Dorothy M. Fisk's book on the subject of recent adventures and discoveries in the stratosphere may be said to be timely, and the simple and easily intelligible language she employs in explaining the mysteries of such things as the Ozone Layer, Polar Lights and Cosmic Rays will be much appreciated by the average unscientific reader. ("Exploring the Upper Atmosphere," Faber & Faber, 6s.)

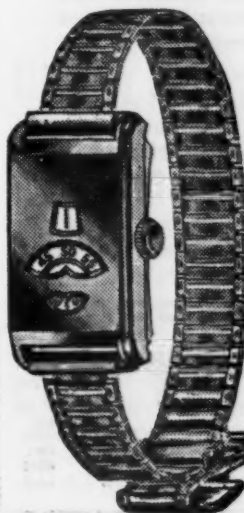
C.R.

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**This Carnival of Music**

By Herbert Hughes

**S**IR THOMAS BEECHAM, undaunted by a succession of programmes that would test the endurance of a robot, must be tireless and untirable. At the Royal Philharmonic Society he has given us Richard Strauss's Suite, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (with Cyril Smith as a most admirable pianist), and Balakirev's first Symphony; at the Sunday Concerts, with the L.P.O., he revived Rossini's most stimulating Overture to *La Gazza Ladra* and Dvórák's fourth Symphony, besides directing an enchanting performance of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto with Erica Morini as soloist; and, while taking the orchestra of the Royal College of Music in his stride, steps over to Sadler's Wells to conduct *The Boatswain's Mate* of Dame Ethel Smyth and *The Devil Take Her* of Arthur Benjamin. Is not all this more than one man's job?

**Notable Performances**

Overlapping these purple occasions there have been some notable orchestral performances under Adrian Boult and Hamilton Harty. Vaughan Williams's *Job* has probably never been better heard than it was under Dr. Boult's direction at the B.B.C. Symphony Concert last week, when the programme also contained Brahms's D minor Piano Concerto played with characteristic stolidity by Artur Schnabel.

Harty, on his part, galvanised the London Symphony Orchestra on Monday into giving a rattling good account of Rachmaninoff's magniloquent Piano Concerto No. 2, with Arthur Rubinstein as soloist, as well as performances of Balakirev's unfamiliar *Russia* and of Josef Holbrooke's *The Raven*, of blessed memory. (These two symphonic poems were not well-assorted and would have been better heard at separate concerts; but one easily forgave that for the pleasure in realising the conductor's magnetic control of a fine orchestra which remains outside the Philharmonic ring.)

It is clear that the splendour which was Covent Garden's in the golden age before the war is to be restored and magnified in the coming season. Mr. Geoffrey Toye's preliminary announcement of the short season of Russian Ballet which is to follow that of the opera has already appeared in the Press. The success of de Basil's company at the Alhambra last summer has, of course, more than justified the syndicate in bringing them to the Royal Opera House, where Diaghileff's unforgettable troupe made their first appearance here in 1911.

Several new ballets are to be added to a repertoire which includes *The Good Humoured Ladies* and *The Three-Cornered Hat*, and such other masterpieces as *Petrouchka*, *Les Sylphides*, *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, and the recently devised *Présages* which set all the town talking a few months ago.

## The Theatre

By PRINCE NICOLAS GALITZINE

**J**OHN HOWARD LAWSON has based "Success Story" at the Cambridge Theatre on the eternal struggle between Jew and Gentile for supremacy in business. Our programme tells us that the action of the play takes place in the New York office of an advertising agency, but apart from a vista of "sky-scrapers" seen through the window at the back of the stage, there is nothing in the play to bear out the truth of this information.

It may seem incredible that a large American business should be run exclusively by Englishmen, but this play leaves us in no doubt; it is a triumph of the Oxford accent on Broadway, the one exception being Mr. Esme Percy, who in his flamboyant impersonation of Sol Ginsburg, talks throughout with a marked foreign accent of uncertain origin.

The story deals with a young Jew, Ginsburg, who with the aid of his fiancée Sarah Glassman (Miss Beatrix Lehmann) obtains a small position in the business in which she is secretary to the owner, Raymond Merritt (Mr. Jack Minster). Ginsburg, a violently emotional character, fights his way to the top of the business tree, always ridden by his three obsessions, money, power and possession. This last causes him to marry Agnes Carter (Miss Jeanne de Casalis), Merritt's mistress, and in doing so he breaks the heart and warps the nature of his fiancée.

Miss Lehmann's performance as the girl Sarah is a miracle of restrained intensity. The strength of her quietness dominates the whole play, and is a striking contrast to Mr. Esme Percy who, with his wealth of gestures, his florid posturings and melodramatic ravings, gives us a perfect picture of an exhibitionist, without any of the depth of feeling necessary for the part.

Miss de Casalis struggles manfully in the part of the hard-boiled vamp, who, with her perfumes and jewels and continual demands for money, conjures up for the besotted Ginsburg a vision of expensive voluptuousness.

### Coward's Artistry

Noel Coward has proved himself in the past, and only confirms the general opinion once more in "Conversation Piece" at His Majesty's. In it he makes an old theme out of a new story.

A couple of French adventurers come to Bath in the time of the Roystering Regency and try to spoof Society. However, a preconceived idea held by the English about French fishiness does not induce plain sailing and, in any case, their plans are wrecked by their falling in love with each other. The production is a mirror of Coward artistry.

The play is centred round Yvonne Printemps, whose big part is full of "gaminerie," acrobatic emotion and a lot of singing. Her lover is taken by Coward himself, with unsurpassable insolence, the grace of a Beau, and a softening tolerance quite new to his earlier cynicism.

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## SANDEMAN PORT

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George Shiels forces us, in "Paul Twynning," at the Little Theatre, to believe that darkest Ireland is not so very different from the rest of the world. Into the old story of Patriarchial rule, as grim and ruthless as it has ever been painted, he introduces a go-ahead tramp from Dublin, who beats the Patriarchs at their own game. The eternal evil—money—a lightly sketched theme, runs parallel to the story, with a curious exponent in the person of a semi-American adventuress.

Sean O'Casey has forsaken Ireland and launched into the Great Wide World. His latest play, "Within the Gates," at the Royalty, deals in an unhappy, subjective way with Life, very much with a capital L. To him we are all "Within the Gates," talking, loving, living, but never finding even a small doorway into the soul of our neighbour. We go on blindly in a set path cut by circumstances over which we had no control, ignorant of the wherefores, unacquainted with the ways of others, unaware of our destination, until in the end we join the Dust of the world—a gruesome, faceless procession of down-and-outs.

This carefully thought out allegory, laid in a London park, is peopled with symbolic characters of every walk of life. Bishops, poets, prostitutes, society women, labourers, salvationists, nursery-maids and soldiers come on and go off in a kaleidoscopic sequence. They all have their troubles and none a redeeming excuse for existence, except for a vague furtherance of a slender story, that runs through the general depression.

## Correspondence

### Abused Lunacy Laws

SIR,—The introduction of a Sterilisation Bill without first reconstructing the present lunacy code would be fraught with disastrous consequences and play havoc with the life of the nation.

In the event of divorce being legalised on account of the alleged insanity of husband or wife, additional safeguards are necessary requiring independent medical evidence.

Cases have come to our knowledge in which abuse of the lunacy laws has led to the wrongful detention of wives for periods up to twenty-six years! The Petitioner has the whip hand in this matter.

FRANCIS J. WHITE,  
Secretary, National Society for  
Lunacy Law Reform.

Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row,  
London, W.C.1.

### A Postman Replies

SIR,—As a postman, I can say that your Note last week about our new hats hits the nail on the head. While the Post Office authorities are worrying about the width of our trousers, the kind of shirts we must (and must not) wear, and our modish hats, we are worrying how we can dress the wife and kiddies on wages well under £8 a week. Restoration of the cuts should be the P.M.G.'s first thought.

Sun Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

"NED."

### The Codex

SIR,—It is only lately that, thanks to the kindness of friends, your December and January numbers have come into my hands, but may I, better late than never, offer my congratulations on your attitude towards the purchase of the Codex? Whatever else is doubtful about

it, one thing is certain: it is not the lawful property of the Bolsheviks to sell. If originally stolen from the Sinai monastery, it belongs to the monks; if honestly acquired from them, it belongs to the survivors or representatives of the Russian Royal Family. In buying it the British Museum descends to the level of a "fence."

WINIFRED ROBERTS.

Orleigh, Ipplepen, Newton Abbot.

### Insolence

SIR,—Your caustic criticism of the recent insolent threat to the Throne by Sir Stafford Cripps will be acclaimed by all loyal subjects of King George. Sir Stafford's attempted explanation of what he really meant is as childish as it is unconvincing.

Unhappily there is a parallel to this impudent declaration, for the late Viscount Harcourt (when a Member of the House of Commons as Mr. Lewis Vernon Harcourt) in a speech at Bradford in November, 1918, made a similar threat to the Crown in the following words: "It would, indeed, be a bad day for the Crown and the country if ever there arose a suspicion that the Monarchy was about to abandon its constitutional basis and to act on anything but the advice of its responsible Ministers."

ERNEST JAMES.

"Arthog," Hawthorn Road,  
Wallington, Surrey.

### Black List Wanted

SIR,—Who are the people who import Soviet food-stuffs? Even the Jews are appealing for help to save their own people from starvation, and it makes me ashamed of my country to think that I may be eating bread made from flour so sorely needed in Russia, but imported by Englishmen, or, at least, by traders living on English soil, for sordid gain. Who are these people?

GEORGE M. FOWLER.

The Manor House, Horspath, Oxford.

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## The Cinema Tales of Two Queens

By Mark Forrest

**T**WO pictures of great importance appeared last week, first the London Films production of "Catherine the Great" at the Leicester Square Theatre, and secondly the Hollywood film of "Queen Christina."

The productions of both are lavish, but unfortunately that is where the real merit of "Catherine the Great" stops. No one is a greater admirer of Elizabeth Bergner than myself, and it is not her fault that she is disappointing as the great Catherine; she does her best with poor dialogue and slowly moving scenes, but her performance is so restricted by the material that one sees only flashes of her real genius.

Douglas Fairbanks Junior and Flora Robson, in the parts of the mad Grand Duke and the Empress Elizabeth, give somewhat conventional performances, constricted by the way in which the story is unfolded. Indeed, the whole production seems to me to savour of a lavishly produced musical comedy without music or humour.

### Greta Garbo's Talent

"Queen Christina" is quite another matter. I have for a long time wanted to see Greta Garbo in a Scandinavian part again, but until this picture Hollywood has resolutely refused to cast her for any character likely to suit her peculiar talent. As "Queen Christina" she comes into her own once more.

The character of the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus and her historical background, foreground and sideground have been softened to the consistency of a marshmallow, but Greta Garbo's acting has depth. She has been furnished with dialogue that enables her to rise to this queenly occasion and, best of all, Mr. Mamoulian, who directed the film, has been clever enough to take infinite pains to see that his leading actress remains a dignified figure.

The composition of some of the shots is first rate, the use of Velasquez brilliant and the lighting is perfect.

*Catherine the Great.* Directed by Paul Czinner. Leicester Square.

*Queen Christina.* Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Empire.

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# Demand for Sterling

## Better Retail Trade Results

[By Our City Editor]

**A**USTRALIA'S new Conversion offer merely serves to emphasise the strength of gilt-edged stocks with which is connected the demand for sterling securities in general. The Commonwealth has now been able to take advantage of the cheap money conditions in the London market, to reap the reward of financial self-denial at home, and to convert over £100,000,000 of debt to lower rates of interest with a substantial saving of expense to Commonwealth taxpayers.

The latest offer involves £21,600,000 and the new loan is in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. form at the price of 97. The new loan is available to Trustees and has a minimum life of 20 years. The saving effected since the autumn of 1932 amounts to over £2,400,000 annually in Australian currency, or nearly a quarter of the Commonwealth's income-tax yield.

The upsets in Europe have contributed to the strength of British Government stocks this last few weeks, and foreign buying has resulted in a good rise in Funding Loan, which is tax-free to residents abroad and therefore a favourite stock for those who wish to buy British Funds from abroad. Both against the dollar and the franc the £ sterling has improved consequent upon the demand for sterling as a safe deposit.

There has also been a renewal of activity in Home industrials, which received a stimulus from the good results announced by Courtaulds, whose profits improved by £1,000,000 on the past year, enabling the company to increase its dividend from 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. tax-free for the year. The shares improved to 47s. on the announcement and may be expected to go higher, the market opinion being that they are worth nearer 50s. at the moment.

### Home Railway Revenues

The accounts issued by the four Home Railway groups certainly give ample evidence of a good recovery from the depths of depression, but they must not be taken as representing anything like prosperity for the British railways, for such is far from the case.

L.M.S. net revenue increased from £9,904,823 to £10,712,685 on the year, but no dividend on the ordinary stock is possible. The L.N.E.R. earned just sufficient net revenue to pay 2 per cent. on the first preference stock and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the 5 per cent. redeemable preference stock. These payments are double those of the previous year, but the whole of the second preference and ordinary capital cannot receive any payment until conditions improve to a level which, at the moment, is beyond the horizon, if not beyond the imagination.

The amount of capital on which the L.N.E.R. makes no payment of interest at all is about

£150,000,000, while about £135,000,000 of L.M.S. capital is dividendless. As regards the G.W.R., which is paying 3 per cent. again on the ordinary stock, thus preserving the full trustee status for its prior charge issues, net revenue was £4,828,561 against £4,459,403 in 1932, but £1,350,000 has to be taken from the contingency fund to pay the dividend, the company evidently budgeting for vastly improved conditions in 1934.

The Southern's accounts made the best showing, in that net revenue increased from £4,894,000 to £5,540,000 on the year, and the dividend on the preferred ordinary stock is 3 per cent. against 1 per cent. for 1932. The amount of capital which receives no dividend is £31,500,000. Thus it should be borne in mind that "railway prosperity" is relative only.

### Selfridge Group Results

In the past few weeks results declared by some of the big stores, and particularly those of the companies controlled by Harrods Limited, have shown a recovery in retail trade, the slowest of all branches of trade to move upwards. Now the results of Selfridge and Co. and its associated companies bear further witness to improved conditions, though much must have been accomplished by increased efficiency and reductions in expenses.

The net trading profit of Selfridge & Co. for the year to January 31 last was £355,645, an increase over the previous year's figure of £14,085, the usual dividends being paid on the preference and preferred ordinary shares, while the ordinary shares receive 3 per cent. This compares with 4 per cent. for the previous year, but £175,000 was then taken from reserve. Of the Selfridge profits, the Wm. Whiteley guaranteed 25 per cent. dividend takes £50,589 against £63,541 a year ago, for the profits of Whiteley's improved during the past year from £135,691 to £151,925.

The accounts of Selfridge Provincial Stores, also under Selfridge control, are not yet completed, but it is expected that they will show that the combined profits of the group, including Selfridges, Whiteley's and the Provincial Stores, amount to over £700,000.

### A Five Per Cent Yield

At 77s. 6d. the 20 per cent. non-cumulative preferred ordinary shares of the City of London Brewery and Investment Trust appear attractive, for they yield £5s. 3s. per cent. and, on the basis of the last available figures, the dividend was covered with a margin of £16,783. The deferred shares of the Trust have recently been an active market around 12s. and appear somewhat dear at this price for, though 4.7 per cent. was earned on the deferred capital last year, nothing was paid, £20,000 being placed to a dividend equalisation fund.

## Life Assurance as an Investment

By A. H. Clarke

III

I HAVE shown that the security offered by a well-managed assurance company is sufficient to satisfy the most careful investor. Now consider the probability of a settled programme being carried through to completion. By programme, I am assuming that a man allocates so much for living expenses, a part for entertainment, and the balance for investment.

First let me take the case of the man who does not believe in life assurance—"I can do much better with my money elsewhere," he remarks. There are undoubtedly many people who can and do make very sound investments, but I question the ultimate gain of the majority over a period of, say, twenty years, and I do not even exclude the professional investor from this category. The fundamental basis of an investment—apart from security and gain—is that it will provide a fund for "the rainy day," or to help one in old age.

We are all subject to human tendencies, and where funds are accumulated in a bank, or in stocks, there is undoubtedly a continual temptation to utilise the accumulation for temporary purposes. It may be a new car, an expensive wireless set, a fur coat, or any one of the many attractive things which are to-day clamouring for our money.

### Always at Par

Consider now the life assurance investment. It offers freedom from the reinvestment problem, for securities mature, and the principal must be reinvested—it is just at this point that the new car or fur coat seems very desirable. Assuming these have no attraction, the capital has got to be reinvested. If he is lucky and strong enough to rise above the weight of advice he will receive from all quarters, he stands a chance of making a wise decision, but the more often this crisis occurs, the greater the probability of making a mistake. On the other hand, life assurance is always at par, pursuing a steady course year in and year out, affording a security as nearly perfect as one can buy.

While it is true that, once having effected a life assurance policy, one is compelled to find the premiums as they fall due, the possibility of the new car or fur coat is not altogether eliminated, although it is unlikely that we would utilise a policy for this purpose. Most policies contain a guaranteed cash value, payable at par and upon demand, so it is obvious as collateral security the document can be of great value and assistance. If you do not believe this, ask your banker. In the event of a financial panic, a life assurance policy is one of the few papers—if not the only one—on which there is a reasonable chance of being able to borrow; and, which is the more important, the money could be obtained at a guaranteed rate of interest unquestionably below the current rate at such a time.

(To be continued)



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# Broadcasting Notes

By Alan Howland

I HAVE on more than one occasion been accused of belabouring the B.B.C. with an unnecessarily knobby cudgel. Fortunately this kind of criticism does not worry me unduly, since I know that anyone who dares to speak the truth about existing institutions is bound to be considered either a fool or a knave. Had I taken the opposite course and indulged in perpetual flattery, I should no doubt have been accused of having an axe to grind.

It is, of course, quite obvious that the B.B.C. cannot be utterly bad any more than it can be utterly good, but, since it is a monopoly and therefore likely to fall into the error of thinking "I have the best goods, you've got to want them," I consider it to be my duty to point out the errors rather than to praise indiscriminately.

In order, however, to eliminate the possibility of lying awake in the still small hours telling myself what a biased cad I am, I have for some time made it my practice to ask other people what they think about the programmes, in a praiseworthy effort to discover whether there is any truth in what I say or whether I am merely a cretinous and bilious troglodyte.

It would be impossible to give the full results of my investigations owing to the existence of the law of libel, but it is possible to quote one or two of the less violent opinions.

An intelligent artisan—a silver-spinner by trade—tells me that he does not care who is In Town

To-night; he is far more concerned with their ultimate destination. It does not amuse him, he says, to hear the voice of a man who claims that he can exist on a diet of glass and four-inch nails. He is entirely unmoved, he assures me, by a conversation between a more or less well-known actress and her dresser. I realised at once that we were all troglodytes together.

A business man cannot understand why there should be a second-rate vocalist or instrumentalist thrown in as make-weight in an orchestral or military band session. If there are not sufficient first-class artists to go round, he for one would be satisfied with the military band or orchestra by itself. I can see absolutely no answer to this complaint.

This is a mere handful of the replies I have received to my inquiries. The interesting thing about them is, not the form they take, but the fact that the criticisms are there although they never see the light of day. Not one single person to whom I have spoken has written a letter of complaint to the B.B.C. It is useless, they say, to write to what is in effect a Government Department, because nothing happens if you do.

The B.B.C. is continually telling us that owing to the success of such-and-such a programme it will be repeated. How on earth does the B.B.C. know whether it was successful or not? From a handful of postcards written by people with nothing better to do.

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